THE BYSTANDER
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MARCH 26, 1930
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DAPHNE DU MAURIER writes on "THE GIRLS YOU MEET"

the BYSTANDER

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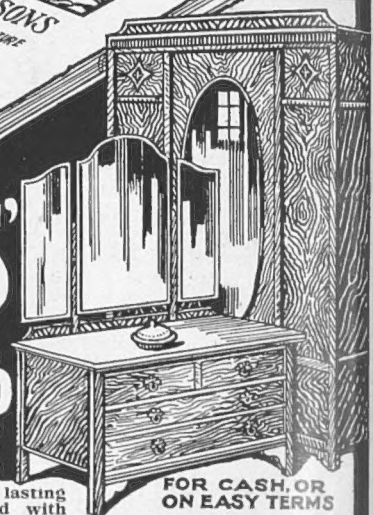

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The BYSTANDER

MISS NANCY BEATON

One of last season's debutantes, who devotes a great deal of her time and energy to Charity. She was a prominent member on the Young People's Committee for the Joy of Life Ball and Pageant, recently held at Grosvenor House, and is a delightful dancer. She is to take the part of Dolci's Salome at the Pageant of Italian Art organised by the Countess of Birkenhead, which is being held on April 11

Raphael

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BACK TO THE FLAT

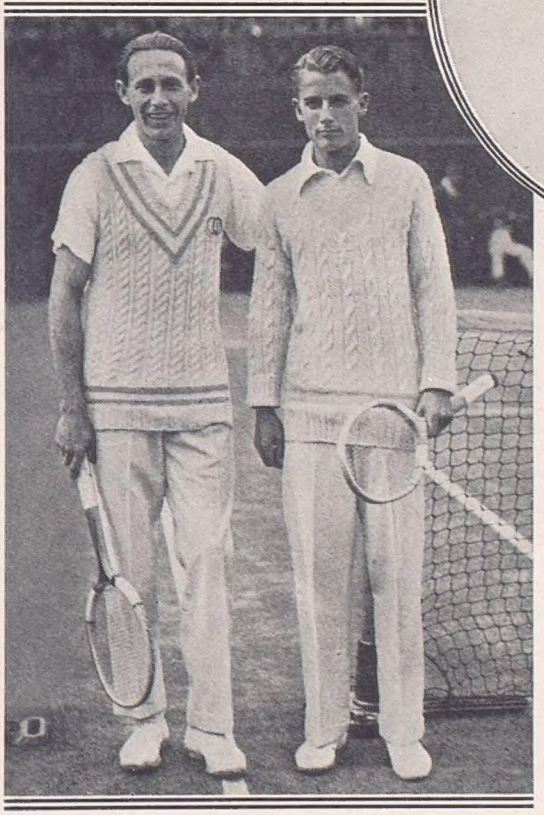
Central Press

Candidates for the Lincolnshire on their way to the Heath at Newmarket for final exercise before the great race that takes place to-day. Being the first big race of the flat-racing season, it always attracts thousands of spectators from all parts of the country

The Passing Hour

WERE there no other indications of the season's change, it would only have been necessary to hear what was occupying the feminine mind during the past week or so to have learnt that every afternoon was occupied by a visit to one or another of the innumerable dress shows that have heralded the approach of the new season's clothes, or rather just that part of the season that requires spring clothes. What penury for the dressmakers without the traditional variability of our climate!

Already people are talking about the summer season's debutante dances! At one of these dress shows I heard a friend complaining bitterly that she was having to think of another date for her daughter's dance. Having picked on June 2, she found that Lady Granard had already pegged a claim to that date for the ball she is giving for her younger daughter, Lady Eileen Forbes. And the other day I saw a young man in white flannels running round Eaton Square with his dog! That is anticipating summer with a vengeance!



L.N.A.

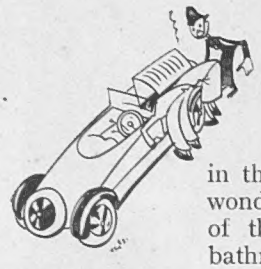
Jean Borotra (left) and H. W. (Bunny) Austin seen at the Paris versus London tennis match, which the Englishman won by 2-6, 6-2, 11-9, 6-2. This is by far the most noteworthy of Austin's triumphs, and shows his improved stamina

Blake Studios

Miss Elizabeth Theresea de Knoop, the third daughter of Captain Jersey de Knoop and Mrs. de Knoop, of Rutland Gate, whose engagement to Mr. John Henry Hambro has recently been announced

Baths versus *Books*

I HAPPENED to be gazing from the windows of the Hon. Lady Bingham's new house in Eaton Square when this summer spectre swept by. Lady Bingham has only recently moved into Belgravia, as yet unassailed by the rumbling of omnibuses or the appearance of a bank or tobaconnist at every corner. Lady Bingham has been combining the pleasurable task of entertaining her friends and then showing them over the newly decorated house, the greatest acclamation for her taste and style being divided between the dining-room and the bathroom; for nowadays you expend as much upon the decoration of



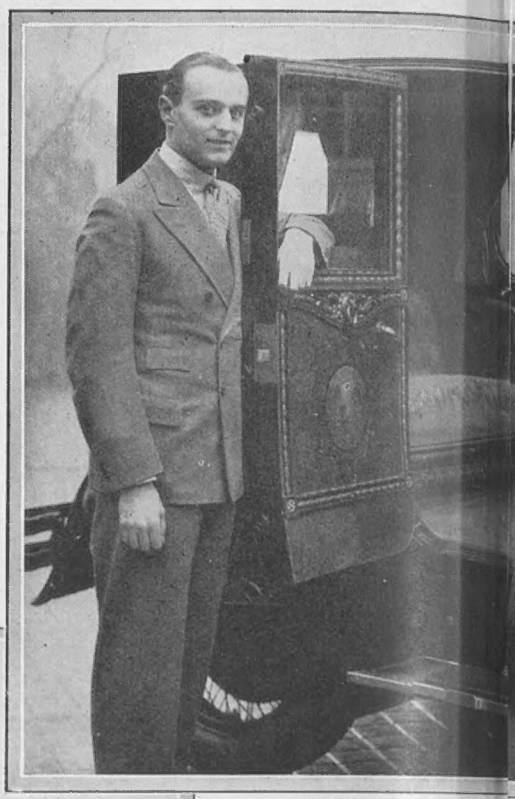
this pleasant retreat as upon any other room in the house. Is it, I wonder, symptomatic of the age, that the bathroom often has precedence over the library?

Entertaining in Eaton Square

As Lady Bingham numbers among her friends all the more distinguished people in social and diplomatic London, it will be some time before the final chorus of their approval dies away. The Countess of Granard whose daughter I mentioned previously, who entertains at Forbes House, Halkin Street, not so far away from Eaton Square, with that characteristic prodigality dear to all Americans, coupled with that charm of reserve that many years in this country have imparted, has already visited the house. Then the Marquess and Marchioness of Crewe are others who have been to the Bingham residence, as well as the Duchess of Roxburghe, Lord and Lady Bessborough, the Belgian Ambassador and the Baroness Cartier de Marchienne. The great advantage for Lady Bingham in living in Eaton Square is that so many of her friends reside within call of her window—not, of course, that the traditions of the neighbourhood would ever be upset by such brusque methods of communication.

A Cochran First Night

I ALWAYS enjoy a spectacular first night. Accuse me of snobbery if you will, but the excitement, the anticipation, the arrival of celebrities to the applause of the gallery, consonant not with their importance but with the ability of the gallery to recognise them, creates an atmosphere which no subsequent performance can give and which is usually some compensation for an evening that may happen to prove otherwise barren of entertainment. Such a spectacular first night will surely be witnessed to-morrow, when Mr. Cochran pulls up the curtain of his revue. The Duchess of Roxburghe—I seem unable to avoid a certain repetition of personalities this week—will be there, several Am-



Miss Maysie Gasque and her fiancé, was recently announced, beside the which is decorated to represent Miss Gasque is the twenty-year-old Mr. C. W. Gasque, the head

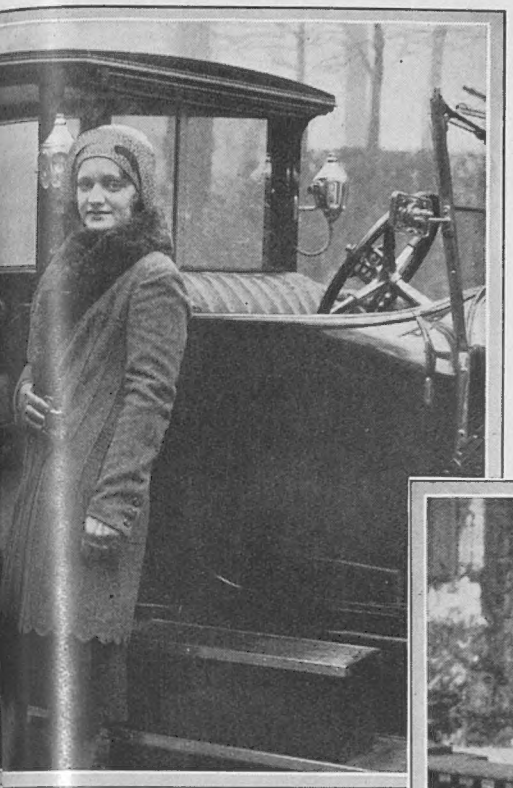
P. and A.

The leaders taking the last jump during the running of the race for the 11th Hussars Subalterns' Challenge Cup, at the Pytchley Hunt Point-to-Point races at Holdenby. It was won by Mr. A. G. Miller's High Brazil (owner up), which beat Gooseberry, owned and ridden by Mr. R Stuart-French, by two lengths

P. and A.

The Duchess of York accompanied the Duke to the Pytchley Hunt Point-to-Point races, which were held at Holdenby last week. She is seen with Lady Annaly

"THE BYSTANDER'S" NEW COMPETITION



Planet News

Mr. John Roland Robinson, whose engagement car which will be used as their wedding coach, the interior of a Louis XVI drawing room. heir to the fortune left by her father, the late of the English Woolworth organisation

bassadors, Lord Berners, though as part author of some of the music he can hardly qualify as a legitimate member of the audience, Lady Portarlington, Lord and Lady Inverclyde, Lord Hambleden and Lord Fairhaven. I am quite sure in this case Mr. Cochran will prove equal to the occasion. He seems entirely to have recaptured the habit of success.

Indecision, the Bachelor's Armour

DOCTOR DILLON, in his book, *The Peace Conference*, wrote of Mr. Wilson, M. Clemenceau, Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Balfour, that "they were the merest novices in international affairs. Geography, ethnology, psychology and political history were sealed books to them." How much truth there is in that criticism applied to three of those statesmen is not of instant concern, but certainly it was a serious travesty of judgment in regard to Lord Balfour. Rather might it have been said that he had too much geography, ethnology, psychology, and political history, such knowledge carrying the peril of omniscience, for it was his inveterate characteristic to approach a problem from the apex, where he could observe both sides of the argument, producing, however, the inevitable but unfortunate sequence of indecision. Better, perhaps, to be

Princess Elizabeth of Greece (left) and Princess Nicholas of Greece, formerly the Grand Duchess Helen of Russia, who have been staying at the Hôtel des Anglais, at Cannes. They are seen in the grounds of the hotel with the Duchesse de Vendôme, and the Comtesse de Chaponay

Sport and General

Mrs. E. P. Villiers, the wife of Colonel E. P. Villiers, the Secretary of Moor Park Golf Club, where "The Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy Competition took place. She is seen beside the Rover car which will be the first prize in our Celebrities Disguised Competition, details of which appear in the next column

"CELEBRITIES DISGUISED"

The new "Bystander" Competition with a

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£50 as SECOND PRIZE,

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NEXT WEEK

All you need do is to use your knowledge of well-known men and women.

No Entrance Fee.

No Complicated Rules.

Everyone has an equal chance.

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COMPETITION

blind in one eye than to have to combat the confusion of a multi-optic vision.

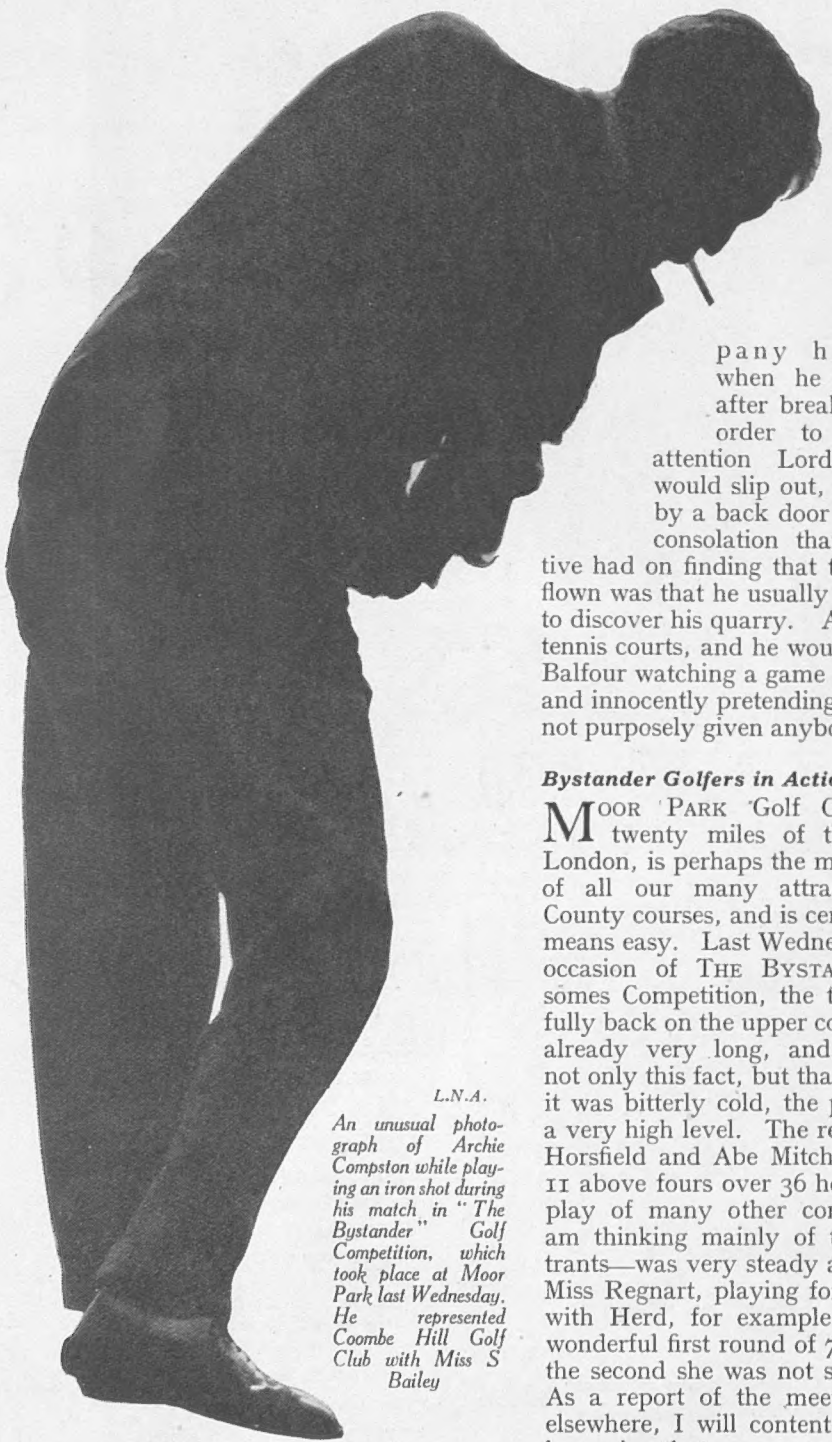
I have always felt that it was something of this indecision which rendered him immune from the attractions of those brilliant and beautiful women who were the companions of his earlier years. It is astonishing how long one can avoid marriage simply by being unable to make up one's mind! But it was Lord Balfour's inability to make up his mind on a vital political rather than a personal question, namely, that of Protection, that cost his party dear and put the Liberals in office for nearly twenty years.

The Detective and Lord Balfour

LIKE many other statesmen, the authorities felt it incumbent on them to take precautions for Lord Balfour's safety, and there was often a detective in attendance on him, but nothing irked the statesman more than being thus guarded. One of those whose duty it was to keep an eye on Lord Balfour when he was stopping in the South of France told me that no one he had ever looked after gave greater trouble, for he delighted in playing truant. This detective would wait in the lounge in order to accompany his lordship when he took the air after breakfast, but in order to avoid this attention Lord Balfour would slip out, unobserved, by a back door! The only consolation that the detective had on finding that the bird had flown was that he usually knew where to discover his quarry. A dash to the tennis courts, and he would find Lord Balfour watching a game with interest and innocently pretending that he had not purposely given anybody the slip!

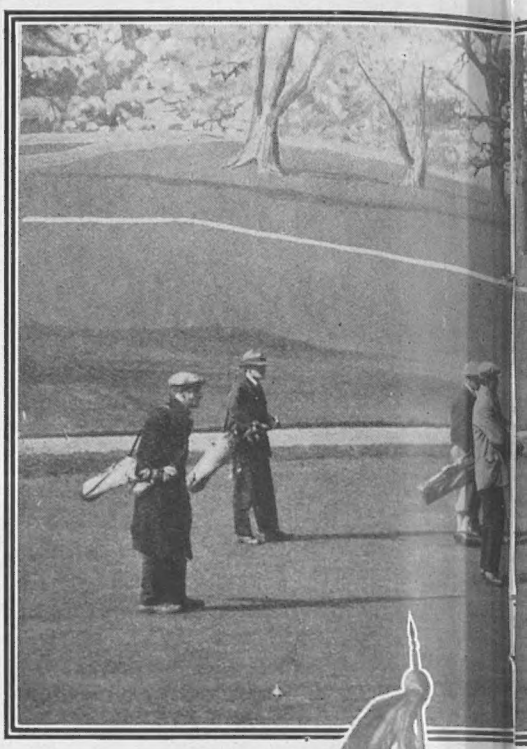
Bystander Golfers in Action.

MOOR PARK Golf Club, within twenty miles of the heart of London, is perhaps the most beautiful of all our many attractive Home County courses, and is certainly by no means easy. Last Wednesday, on the occasion of THE BYSTANDER Foursomes Competition, the tees were set fully back on the upper course, on one already very long, and considering not only this fact, but that though fine it was bitterly cold, the play reached a very high level. The record of Miss Horsfield and Abe Mitchell was only 11 above fours over 36 holes, and the play of many other competitors—I am thinking mainly of the lady entrants—was very steady and brilliant. Miss Regnart, playing for Moor Park with Herd, for example, returned a wonderful first round of 76, though in the second she was not so successful. As a report of the meeting appears elsewhere, I will content myself here by saying that everyone at Moor Park



L.N.A.

An unusual photograph of Archie Compston while playing an iron shot during his match in "The Bystander" Golf Competition, which took place at Moor Park last Wednesday. He represented Coombe Hill Golf Club with Miss S Bailey



The Bystander £500 Trophy, before which stand Miss Horsfield and Abe Mitchell. The cups which they are holding were made for the winning couple by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co. Ltd., of 112, Regent Street, W.1, and resemble ancient Grecian urns

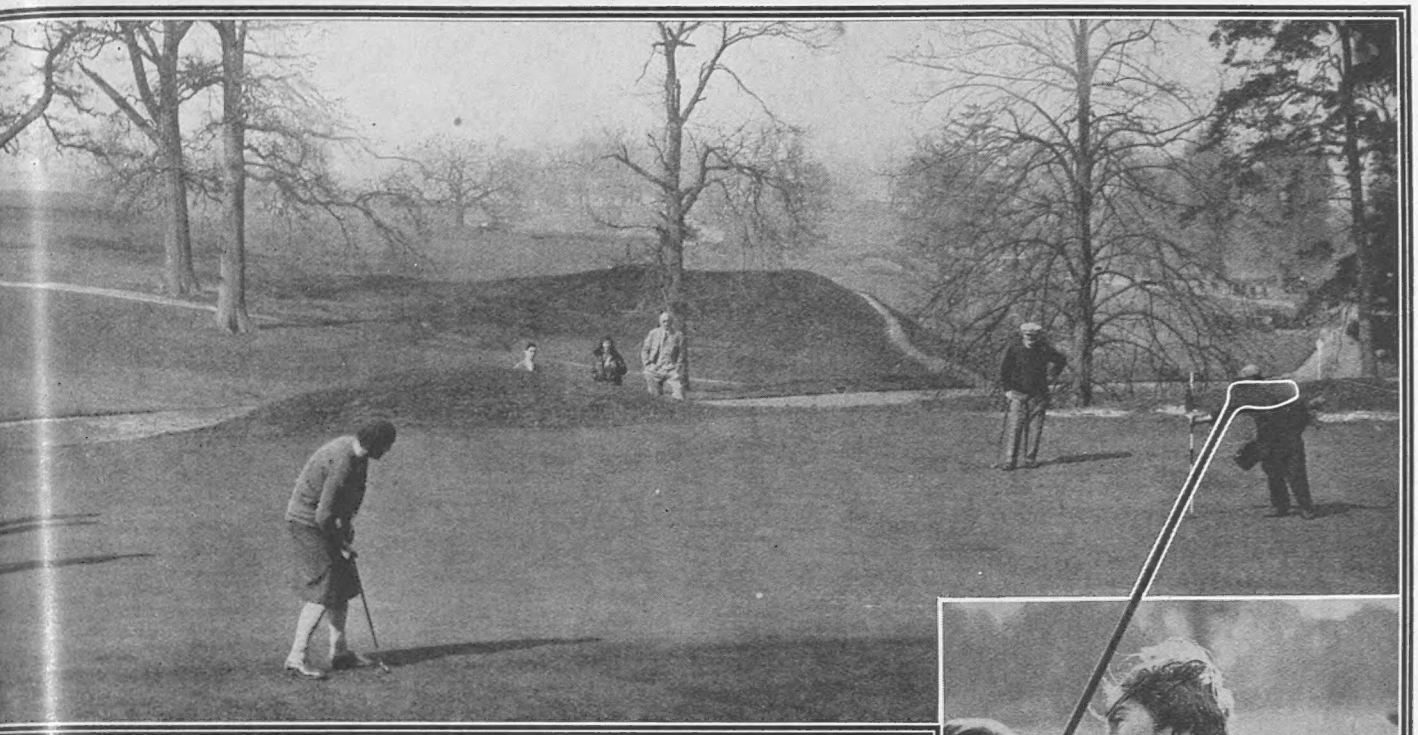
Photographs

Miss Horsfield and Abe Mitchell (Verulam), who won "The

THE

An account and further pictures of the

WITH THE PLAYERS AT MOOR PARK



Central Press

Miss Regnart (putting) and A. Herd, who represented Moor Park, where the competition was held. Miss Regnart, whose handicap has been brought down from 13 to 3, and her partner finished bracketed second

Sport and General

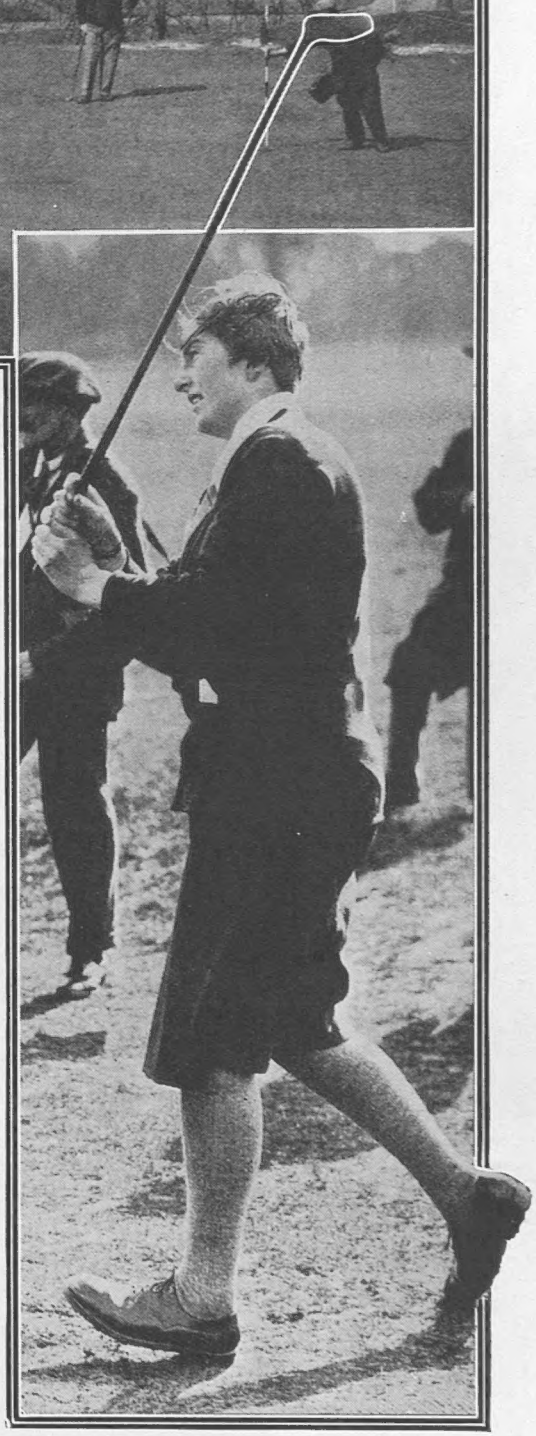
VICTORS

Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy Competition for the third time.
Competition appear on pages 676 and 677

seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly, and the proceedings went with a zip from beginning to end. We thank the genial secretary, Col. Villiers, most cordially for all the help he gave us in directing THE BYSTANDER competition, his staff, the committee of the club, who also helped in many ways, the caddy-master, and also Messrs. Cadbury, who sent a box of Duchesse chocolates for every lady competitor. Sixty couples entering constitutes a record for this popular meeting.

The Liberal Chicanery

THAT any political party in this country with a conscience founded on a not inconsiderable history of achievements and traditions should descend to the hypocritical cant of explaining a change of policy as the result of national considerations comes as a severe shock to those who still had some belief in the public spirit of politicians. This, however, is exactly what the Liberals have done. None, I imagine, except the Liberals themselves, believed the party declaration, "that owing to the present situation in relation to the Naval Conference it would not be in the national interest that any critical situation should arise in the House of Commons at this juncture." All must have seen



Central Press

Miss Enid Wilson, who won the Gold Cup in the Ladies' Open Meeting, held a week ago to-day at Roehampton. She is seen driving from the third tee while playing against Miss D. Pearson

REVELRY ON THE RUGGER FIELD

Central Press

A general view of the Hospitals Rugger Cup final between Guy's and Bart's on the Richmond Athletic Ground. It resulted in a win for Guy's, who beat their opponents by 18 points to 8 after a very even first half

THE CUP WITH CHEERS Central Press

The finals of the Hospitals Rugger Cup are always notable for a marked display of robustness, both on the field of play and the touchline, and this year's match at Richmond was no exception. A contingent of Guy's supporters are seen cheering their side to victory on the twenty-fourth occasion on which they have won the cup

Raphael

Miss Evelyn Johnson, the younger daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Johnson, whose engagement to Lieut. Julian Liddell, R.N., was recently announced

through this palpable party expedient, for when, some days before, France's attitude was very seriously threatening the precarious life of the Conference the Liberals blissfully assisted in the defeat of the Government, unhampered by any tender feelings for the delegations! Actually, of course, it was in order to secure unanimity that the Liberals supported the Government last week, and in no way out of consideration for national needs. It is to be hoped that the General Election will be with us long before the electors have forgotten this chicanery, which prompts the cause of Party to be put before the broader and greater interests of the country as a whole.

Viscount and Viscountess... Foxhounds. It was held at

GLADYS COOPER AND A BRIGHTER WEEKLY

Central Press

A corner of the "Harem" set up on board H.M.S. Furious on the occasion of a dance given at Gibraltar. At most times, this Eastern retreat is nothing more prosaic than the lower hangar

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

DURING the early part of the Flat Racing Season I advise punters to speculate on horses that have been taking part in the National Hunt sport during the winter. I have selected ten fit horses to follow.

APPLEDORE, twice unplaced in seven outings, winning thrice.

SERVING MAID, placed once in four attempts.

STORMBOUND, ran once unplaced.

VINGT-SEPT, ran four times, winning once.

SONG OF ESSEX, placed once in two attempts.

THE SIRDAR, unplaced five times.

WAR MIST, twice unplaced.

YOHO, unplaced three times.

LAMBIN, unplaced four times.

PROMPTITUDE, won once in four attempts.

Keystone

Some of the semi-finalists in the Personality and Voice contest, which took place recently, photographed with Elinor Glyn at the Metropole Theatre, Victoria, where the judging took place. The competition was judged by George Arliss, the famous stage and screen actor (who created the part of Disraeli), assisted by Mrs. Elinor Glyn

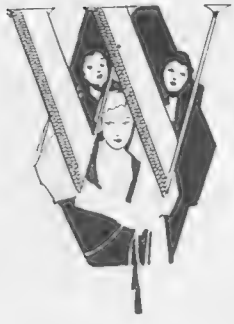
Ian Smith

Churchill seen at a recent meet of the Duke of Buccleuch's Allerstain, the Border seat of the Earl and Countess of Haddington

A New Photograph of Miss Gladys Cooper

THE publication of a new photograph of Miss Gladys Cooper is usually an occasion of some excitedly turned pages, but when Miss Cooper, who is Lady Pearson, is photographed with her baby daughter, Sally, then the event approximates in interest to the appearance of a Royal mother and her baby. Such a picture was recently exclusively published by the *Sunday News*, which has embarked on a new era in its already conspicuous career. Seven of its forty pages are devoted to pictures, more than that of any other Sunday paper, so that it is now the most comprehensive of its kind published in the country. An original feature is an eight-page sporting supplement, and Dr. Leonard Williams, the famous physician, edits a "Health and Happiness" page.

Daphne du Maurier on



WHAT requires courage in this life? To sleep in a lion's den, to stand upon the bridge of a sinking ship, to descend a bobrun backwards, to — well, what about making an entrance into the ladies' cloakroom at the latest supper club? The little stuffy room packed tight with dazzling women, the murmured whispers, the supercilious glances, the strange attendant who moves towards you with a pin in her mouth and a numbered ticket.

You slip out of your last season's cloak, and watch it disappear, guilty and conscious of itself, behind someone's large chinchilla.

A little group of girls are clustered before the mirrors. They dab their noses with powder, watching you sideways, and then dismiss you with a yawn and a contemptuous glance at the length of your skirt.

Their dresses are superb (yours is too short), their hair exquisitely waved (yours is too greasy), their nails manicured to the last cuticle (yours are bitten to the quick).

S

YOU avoid their eyes, aware of red elbows and a spot beneath the chin. They sweep past you, familiar with their surroundings, calling one another "darling" and "angel." You stalk after them, wishing you used a really sophisticated scent, and then trip up on the first step.

They greet their young men, there are more "darlings," and certain other adjectives once used as terms of reproach, and then they disappear until you bump against them on the dancing floor.

You are aware of a withering glance or a smile of insincerity.

At the finish of the dance you clap heartily for an encore, striving to show politeness to your partner, but the lovely girls around you yawn openly and tap their feet with impatience. "This is deadly," they say, "shall we go on somewhere else?"

The following day you meet them at the hairdresser's. They are never alone; there are always two or three of them together. Snatches of their conversation float across to you above the hum of the drying machine.

"Darling, I'm absolutely fed up with him — he hasn't any pep at all. The opportunities that boy has had . . ."

There is a burst of laughter which stops the speaker, and after a few moments' silence another speaks.

"When I tell you I was so drunk that I didn't know which of them it was . . ."

More and louder laughter greeted this candid statement, and was quickly succeeded by a series of grumbles from all three of the girls.

"What are we going to do tonight? We've seen all there is to see. Can't somebody suggest something new?"

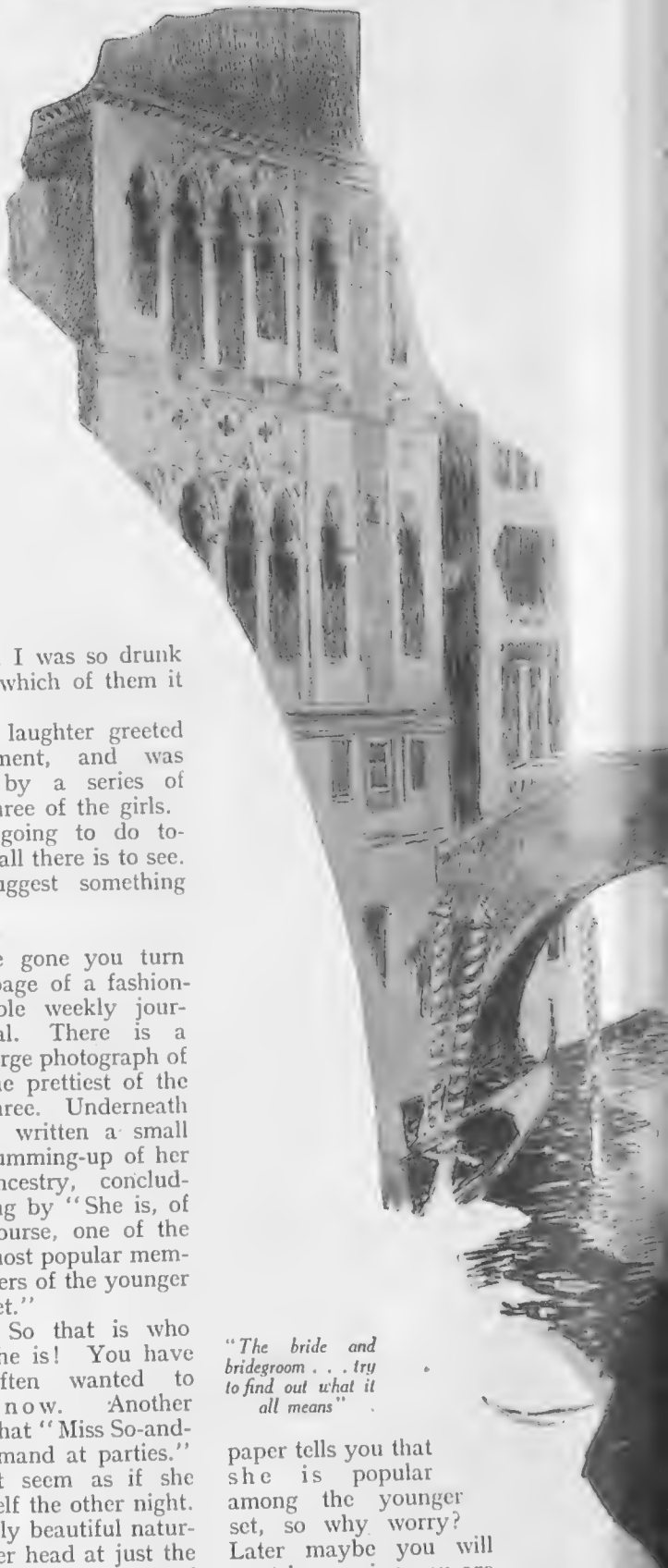
S

WHEN they are gone you turn to the front page of a fashionable weekly journal. There is a large photograph of the prettiest of the three. Underneath is written a small summing-up of her ancestry, concluding by "She is, of course, one of the most popular members of the younger set."

So that is who she is! You have often wanted to know. Another paper informs you that "Miss So-and-So is always in demand at parties." Funny, she didn't seem as if she were enjoying herself the other night. She looked extremely beautiful naturally, sitting with her head at just the right angle from the point of view of a photographer, but the music failed to stir her, and when her young man suggested dancing she looked through him, positively through him. He simply did not exist. However, the paper tells you that she is popular among the younger set, so why worry? Later maybe you will meet her again; you are permitted a glance into her most intimate thoughts.

"Oh, I'm not going to marry for a year or two," she is saying, "I want to have a

IN the accompanying article Miss Daphne du Maurier is far from sparing her own sex. Indeed, her trenchant summing-up of that type of modern girl whose selfishness is her predominant characteristic is outspoken in the extreme



"The bride and bridegroom . . . try to find out what it all means"

The Girls You Meet

good time first." Splendid sentiments, worthy of serious consideration—as long as she is really having a good time. . . .

SHE must mean by this her morning at the hairdresser's, her fitting at the dressmaker's, her lunch at the Carlton, her movie in the afternoon, her cocktails at the Berkeley or in somebody's flat, her dinner, theatre and supper to follow—and then waking up and beginning all over again. She is having a good time. But the other day you heard her saying, "I've seen everything, can't somebody suggest something new?"

Then, of course, she marries. She has a splash wedding at St. Margaret's, and a host of presents from people she has never met but who were invited to swell the crowd. She has married the wealthiest of her young men, but not necessarily the most amusing! As a matter of fact he is even a little foolish.

The bride and bridegroom disappear to Venice to "try and find out what it all means," as they say in the shilling novelettes. As they know already it is merely a matter of repetition.

Then they return to London, and the old life is taken up again with enthusiasm. The bride is now "one of the most popular of the younger married women."

In two years or so a baby is born. The photographer seizes his chance.

"ONE of the loveliest of Society's young mothers with her infant son." The baby causes a certain amount of attention for the moment. He is a novelty. The foolish father is inclined to show signs of sentimentality, he is proud of his own achievement in the matter, he even puts the boy's name down for his old school. The young mother had rather fun at first ordering the wallpaper for the nursery, but later on it was not so pleasant, and she has no intention of going through it again, thank you.

The baby clamours for some notice, but luckily a thoroughly reliable nurse has been secured, one of those really modern women who talk about bygones and run their nurseries on a system. The baby can be left in her charge, because, anyway, the young mother simply hasn't time. . . You see, she has taken it into her head to run a shop, a dress shop, hat shop, antique shop, any sort of a shop—everyone is doing it. It will make a new interest in her life. Parties pall after a while.

Another paragraph in the paper: "Beautiful Mrs. — goes into business." She is very enthusiastic over the shop for a while. She makes money out of it, too!

This business woman is too occupied in her shop to bother over domestic details. Rather sordid, you know, and bourgeoisie. Still—she manages to find time to run over to Le Touquet for a breath of sea-air while her husband is in Scotland.

The baby is growing into a small boy, with the systematic-minded nurse as a companion. Suddenly a little sister makes her appearance. Such a surprise—to both parents.

"The baby causes a certain amount of attention for the moment"

But now the shop has become a drag on her freedom; she wants to go away, to go abroad. She explains herself to an acquaintance over a fourth cocktail:

"Here I've been working like a slave at my shop; surely I'm entitled to a little fun? The babies are so young, they won't even realise one is away."

AND then everyone is surprised when her husband, who had the foolish face but all the money, suddenly takes it into his head that he has had enough. Apparently somebody was tactless about Le Touquet.

There is a slightly ridiculous scene, and all their friends feel rather uncomfortable. Everything is settled quite amicably in the end, though. He gives her grounds for divorce, and then goes and marries that very delightful mannequin with the refined voice.

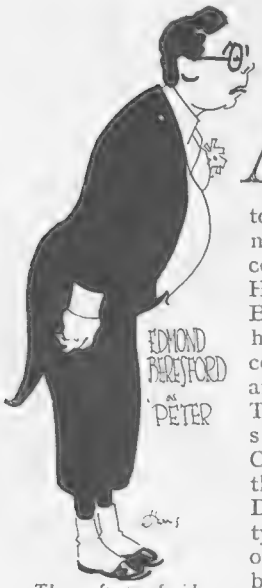
She bides her time, and then announces her engagement to a well-known sportsman.

Of course, they are still good friends; they lunch with one another once a week. . . .

And the babies? The babies are at present with the efficient nurse in a hygienic cottage on the East Coast. *Their* story will not be written until 1950!

AT THE PLAY

"A Song of Sixpence" Sung



The saftest of the company, the author's quaint idea of a chartered accountant. Scottish brand

As the title indicates money has much to do with this new Scottish comedy by Ian Hay and Guy Bolton, which has made a successful appearance at Daly's Theatre. For instance, Miss Chrissie Pringle, though she loves David Ballantyne, a designer of labour-saving bungalows, has a stand-up fight with her about-to-be husband just before the marriage ceremony because he won't promise her a fixed weekly allowance.

She not only insists on this—rather late in the day!—but also demands as the price of her marriage that her bibulous old father, who is a station-master, shall also pay her down-trodden mother a stated sum week by week, a little matter of finance which he has neglected for thirty years!

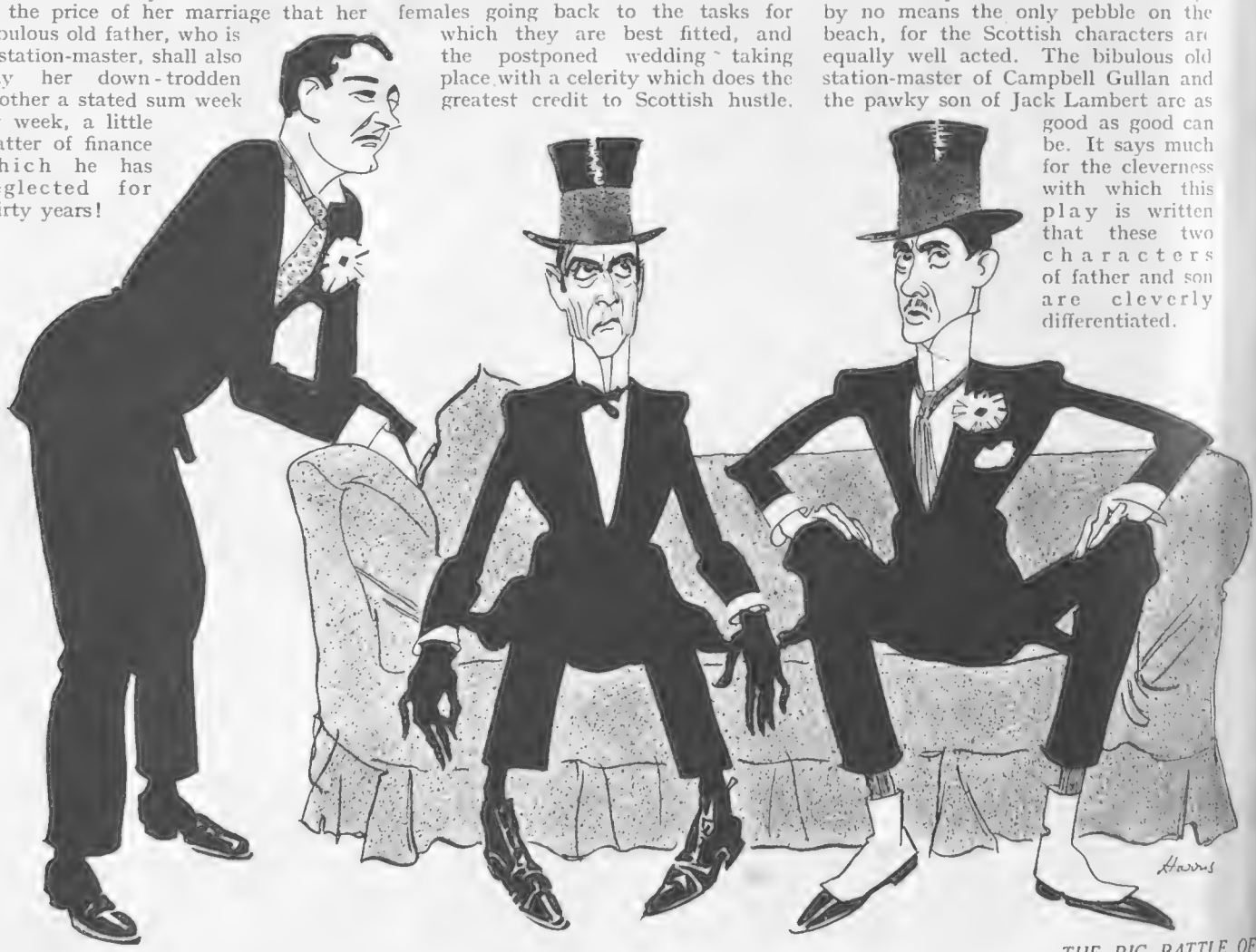
In these demands she is aided and abetted by her brother's American wife, a young woman who is full of Yankee "wise cracks" suitable for every possible occasion, but husbands and bridegroom do not see eye to eye with their women folk. When money goes in at the pocket love flies out of the window is their great idea, and, in consequence, a nasty negative is returned and the "marriage which, etc.," is postponed sine die. What is more, the women, to show their displeasure, go on strike and leave the men folk to wrestle with the housework!

Much of the rest of the play is given over to the attempts of the men to carry out household tasks, and they make a fearful botch of it, but no worse a mess than the women make in trying to earn money by going into business. The plot thickens by the appearance on the scene of a Scottish financier, who sees a chance of making money by taking advantage of the situation, but, needless to add, he is not allowed to triumph, and the end comes with a successful gamble in shares, the males and females going back to the tasks for which they are best fitted, and the postponed wedding taking place with a celerity which does the greatest credit to Scottish hustle.

This farce, which the authors, greatly daring, call a comedy, is full of amusing situations, and would be made still more so were sacrifice made of some of the financial details which are stressed too much. Nothing is harder to make clear from the stage than thimble-riggery, and as the play is, at the moment, about fifteen minutes too long some of this jugglery with coins might well be spared.

Apart from this, I can find nothing to cavil at, for this play, unlike some, is as clean as a whistle. There is not a risky line throughout the proceedings, and many of them are really funny, while it was the happiest of thoughts to introduce an American character with her lightning retorts as a contrast to the pawky humour of the Scottish characters.

Olive Blakeney—who has been landed from the deck of *The Middle Watch* to play the part of the American wife—is perfectly fitted. No one could give a finer point to the delightful dialogue with which the authors have lavishly endowed her, but she is by no means the only pebble on the beach, for the Scottish characters are equally well acted. The bibulous old station-master of Campbell Gullan and the pawky son of Jack Lambert are as good as good can be. It says much for the cleverness with which this play is written that these two characters of father and son are cleverly differentiated.



THE BIG BATTLE OF

David Ballantyne (Ian Hunter) stands on the left of the sofa, Adam Pringle (Campbell Gullan), his prospective father-in-law, and Robert Pringle (Jack Lambert), his American wife of Robert, Mrs. Pringle (Ada Dick), wife of Adam, and Chrissie Pringle (Grace Wilson), bride-to-be of David. Money, the root of all evil, is the cause of the allowance, a demand which is vigorously resisted by the men. As five-sixths of

AT DALY'S By Vernon Woodhouse

Sketches by H. H. HARRIS

IN the little she had to do, Adah Dick was well in the picture. Grace Wilson, as the bride, was both amusing and charming, and Ian Hunter, as her lover, played with precision and humour. A delightful character sketch of a railway porter was painted by Ian O. Will, and Edmond Beresford wrestled not unsuccessfully with a character which was hardly as well drawn as the others.

"Appearances," at the Royalty Theatre

THIS artless play, written by a gentleman of colour, Garland Anderson, which, we are given to understand, is in the main autobiographical, proves once again that one of the safest stage cards to play is a trial scene. That in *Appearances*, where a negro page-boy is falsely accused of what amounts to rape, is quite theatrically effective.

BUT what interested me more than the fate of the prisoner—or rather two, for a pair are implicated—was the picture it gave of the conduct of a criminal trial in San Francisco, which I am assured is taken from life and not a figment of the imagination. Here we have an ex-judge suddenly taking on the defence of a prisoner; failing to cross-examine the woman prosecutrix whose past asked for it, and finally being invited to join the presiding judge on the bench before that functionary starts to sum up!

I THINK that some caustic remarks would be made over here if, say, Lord Darling appeared at the Old Bailey, unbriefed, to defend, made a terrible hash of the business, and was then asked by, say, Mr. Justice Avory to join him and the aldermen there assembled beneath the sword of justice!

THIS trial scene has, however, as little to do with the main theme as two subsidiary plots in which the dramatist has entangled himself. That main theme is that a man can become what he believes himself to be, but with the best will in the world I cannot see that as yet Mr. Garland Anderson has become an accomplished dramatist, as is palpably his wish. His start, however, is quite praiseworthy.

THERE is some really good acting in this play, and a darky comedian, Doe Doe Green, was genuinely funny. Farren Soutar and James Carew as the ex-judge and judge were both excellent, as was Ben Weldon as a hotel proprietor, and Dorothy Hamilton, his wife. The hero was played sympathetically by Nathan Shindell, but he hardly looked the character.

"The Artist and the Shadow," at the Kingsway Theatre

MR. GEORGE DUNNING GRIBBLE is a man of letters who writes—on occasions—for the theatre. Until the production of *The Artist and the Shadow* at the Kingsway he had only written two plays, *Nathaniel Bendersnap*—which I have never seen—and *The Masque of Venice*, an ill-fated venture which ran for about five nights at the Savoy Theatre despite a lovely production and a brilliant cast.

THE chief fault of that latter play is exemplified in *The Artist and the Shadow*. Mr. Gribble can write, but his dialogue, though doubtless easy to read, is unsuited to the stage. There is all the difference in the world between the two forms. True theatrical dialogue can be literature, but "literary" dialogue can never be theatrical.

HAD Mr. Gribble the knack of writing for the stage he might have made something of his plot, which, though not new, is one which makes good theatre. The man who steals a dead man's masterpiece and passes it off as his own is a fairly familiar figure, but in Mr. Gribble's play a new twist is given in that the painter who adds his signature to another man's work really *can* paint.

I THINK a mistake was made in showing the dead artist confronting the thief in an opium vision—a vision which leads to confession. Visions on the stage are seldom satisfactory, and an actor who pretends to *think* he sees someone can make a far more effective scene than when hampered by an actual being, even when presented in a greenish light.

EDGAR NORFOLK, who plays the part of the thieving artist, is a very clever actor, but it would require far more than cleverness to make much of this part. Beatrix Thompson, Lyn Harding and George de Warfaz all did well, and quite a small part—that of a French model—was most effectively played by Celia Johnson.

V. W.

THE SEXES

Prospective brother-in-law, seated on the sofa, are having a battle royal with Luella Pringle (Olive Blakeney), the rumpus, for the females of the species are of the opinion that household work should be paid for by a stated weekly The characters are Scottish, an impasse is, of course, unavoidable!

GUINEAS FOR THE STARRED

IN these four photographs of sporting and social events reproduced on this page are five persons selected haphazard round whose head a star has been placed. The Editor will have great pleasure in sending to each of these a guinea as the penalty of being "starred" if they will kindly send him their names and addresses. Their identity should be verified by two friends, who need only sign the application and give their addresses. Applications should be made within a week of publication except in the case of photographs taken abroad

Behind the balloon are seen some of the spectators who turned up to watch the Melton Hunt Steeplechases, recently held at Burton Lazars. The picture shows a view of the grandstand, where during the day many well-known people could be seen

Keystone View

L.N.A.

A view of the first meeting of the Oxford Balloon Union, recently held at Oxford. Above are seen a number of undergraduates holding down the balloon before an interested, if somewhat derisive, audience

Topical Press

Capt. Ian Fraser seen at the start of the Fifteen Mile Walking Race for War-blinded men held by St. Dunstan's. A friend of the "starred" competitor may claim

Central Press

Some of the large crowd that was present at the recent meeting of the National Hunt Steeplechases at Cheltenham. The spectators are seen watching the horses in the paddock

BY DE ROBEC

ANOTHER MALE ROBBERY

Sasha

Jean Colin and Clifford Mollison as they appear in the popular musical comedy, "Here Comes the Bride," at the Piccadilly Theatre. Jean Colin, who plays the part of Kitty Sinclair, has acted in many films, and played a leading part in "The Five o'Clock Girl," the successful show that had such a long run at the Hippodrome

Sasha

Another study of Jean Colin and Clifford Mollison at the Piccadilly Theatre. Their singing and dancing are outstanding features of the show

if . . . gossip

I DON'T know that I am so terribly keen on joining in the attempt to force the Chancellor to disclose his Budget secrets before the Budget is due. Those trades which "stand in jeopardy every hour" might certainly have their anxiety alleviated. But let the rest of us payers and owers of Income Tax be as happy as we can *while* we can. It is quite certain that the Budget will contain no good news, and it is more than probable that it will contain bad news. So, to follow the example of the man who, coming home tired out late at night, puts a letter on one side to be dealt with next day or next week if it looks like a bill; don't let us be too eager to dash into trouble.

WHY can the taxpayer expect no relief, and, unless something world-shattering happens, can *never* hope for any? The reason is perfectly simple if, for one short moment, we glance at statistics, which are not always so dull as they look. The number of people in Great Britain who pay Income Tax has now been reduced to 2,150,000. The electorate has been swollen to 28,850,000. The vast bulk of these voters, therefore, pay no tax of which they are directly conscious. Is the Labour Party, with its democratic slogans and beliefs, going to alienate all these millions of voters by making them tax-conscious as well as (their proud label) class-conscious? Not on your life! And where, for that matter, will you find any politician of any creed advocating such a course? An M.P. depends on votes for his political existence, and if he attempted to stand up for the two million odd against the twenty-eight million odd he would be committing political suicide.

By CHICOT

"Have you heard that Tony has discovered a great labour-saving device?"
"Heavens, no! Whatever is it?"
"He's going to marry an heiress!"

SO it goes on, and so it *will* go on. The money of the few taxpayers is used to buy the votes of the mass of non-taxpayers. The latter much prefer that the former should pay more and more rather than less, since the more the Income Taxpayer is forced to shell out, the more will be provided, at the expense of the State, in the way of services which the individual should justly provide for himself. Education, provision for old age, and so forth, are burdens which the heavily mulcted middle class assume privately for themselves and their families as a matter of course. But now, in addition, they have each year to provide increasingly large sums in order to hand over those advantages scot-free, not necessarily to the very poor, but to millions of those who manage to escape the taxation limit. Pupils in elementary schools, for instance, cost the nation £4 15*s.* 2*d.* a head in 1914. Now the figure is over £13 a head. The more you promise, the more votes you can buy. That is what I mean when I say, for the *n*th time,

we must...

Stage Photo Co.

Winifred Shotter as Cora Mellish in "A Night Like This," the successful new Ben Travers farce at the Aldwych Theatre. Once again the happy party at this theatre have come up to scratch, and Ralph Lynn and Tom Walls between them manage to keep their audiences in fits of laughter

that, in the nature of things, *a democracy is and always will be corrupt.*

THE new *Daily Herald*, in its atmosphere of lavish internal expenditure, is hardly likely to be shocked by public extravagance. "Do it well" is the motto. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's eye was "fascinated," that journal tells us, by "the imposing, glass-covered, horseshoe-shaped table" and the "lighting system specially installed to prevent eye-strain," which goes so admirably with a political system installed to prevent brain-strain. In one leading article I see cause for rejoicing. "For the rest," it runs, "the *Daily Herald* will be an honest newspaper." For the rest of its existence? Repentance has not, then, come too late. Mr. J. S. Elias is a wise man and a likeable one. But his task will not be easy, since playing for safety may make for dullness. Labour's organ in its new garb is, alas, rather colourless. The old *Herald* I used to read regularly much in the frame of mind in which one prods an aching tooth.

ONE last word on newspapers—and then a long holiday to this topic, although it is a form of "shop" in which the present-day public takes a mighty lot of interest. Last week I mentioned "Quex," the admirable gossip-writer of the genuinely revitalised *Daily Chronicle*. I took it for granted that everybody knew that "Quex" is Capt. G. H. F. Nichols, until a batch of laudatory letters arrived asking who "Quex" was, or, rather, very much is. I have known George Nichols for close on twenty years, and have always been astonished at the way he can marshal his facts day after day, be here, there, and everywhere, write of the great without being snobby, and of the non-great without being patronising, and always keep his stuff as crisp and fresh as (this is Arnold Bennett's description of it) a hot roll. What is a great tribute to him as a man rather than a writer is that, with unlimited opportunities of putting down nasty or cutting things about people, he has never, I think, written or

CAPTAIN GEORGE H. F. NICHOLS

An impression by Mundo of "Quex," whose bright and informative gossip notes are one of the outstanding features in the new "Daily Chronicle"

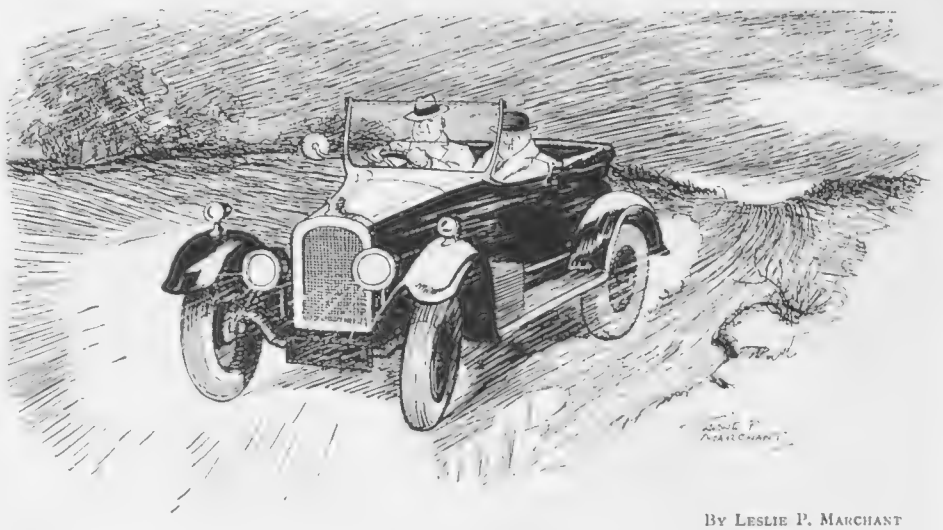
By A. R. Cane

NERVOUS PASSENGER: "Do boats like this often sink?"
BOATMAN: "Only once, sir"

THE TERRORS OF TWICKENHAM

spoken an unkind word about anybody. I only wish to goodness I could resist the temptation. . . . Yet I doubt the sincerity of such a wish. "Quex's" kindliness is due not to timidity, but to a genuinely kind heart. Si sic omnes!

Is the Rugby International always to be held at Twickenham? If the protests I heard before, during, and after the last match there make themselves felt, as they should, a change will take place—and soon. The first and simple fact is that the accommodation is ludicrously insufficient. Thousands of people wish to see the match who cannot possibly do so. The approach is bad—a bottle-neck—and invariably it becomes jammed, both before and after the match, with cars and taxis, whose occupants are in varying stages of anxiety and bad temper. The walk from the station is a long one. These matches are held at Twickenham because the ground, etc., was bought by the Rugby Union, which may be perfectly satisfactory for that body, but is highly unsatisfactory for Rugby enthusiasts in general. After all, the Rugby Union exists, or should exist, to serve the Rugby-loving public. There is, I fancy, a tendency to imagine that the positions are reversed. Important matches should, of course, be held at Wembley, where there is ample room for all who wish to do so to see them. Moreover, as those who visited the Exhibition will remember, the travelling facilities are better.



By Leslie P. Marchant

"I'm sorry, old man, but I seem to have lost my bearings"
"I thought I heard something rattling!"

Janet Jevons

Elsie Randolph, the clever musical comedy star, who is joining the cast of the Co-Optimists. This cheerful little band of entertainers, headed by Davy Burnaby, will start their new season in the West End at the Hippodrome on April 1

"Let us Bray" should be the motto of any who wish to have a meal out of London on a Sunday (or on a week-day, too, for the matter of that) and yet not too far from London. Bray will, in future, be fixed in my mind, for reasons other than that it had a famous Vicar (was that the Bray in Yorkshire, though?) and that I once talked to Mrs. Brown-Potter about Theosophy in her beautiful house there. Mr. Barry Neame, of the Hindhead Hotel at Bray, is a sort of Harry Preston of Berkshire. When he had got this lovely old genuine Tudor inn fairly started he had exactly £19 of his capital left; now it is deservedly as flourishing a "house" of its kind as exists anywhere in the country. That is because the food is, like that at the Mitre at Hampton Court, on true English lines—i.e., simple and perfectly cooked. And while you are enjoying your meal, let your attention wander to the attractive lamp shades which have been specially painted by an artist well known to Bystander readers, Miss Helen McKie. They are all different and all charming. An artistic touch quite in keeping with this artistic place.

By Platford

"If you don't love Jane, whatever made you get engaged to her?"
"Jane!"

We hear much of "house warming" parties. But the other night I went to a house in Berkeley Square—it was that in which the late Lord Carnarvon, of Tutankhamen fame, used to live—to a "house cooling" party. The present tenants are giving it up after ten years or so of happy occupancy, and chose this way of saying farewell

THE FEMALE FORM DIVINE—AND OTHERWISE!

to it, in company with their friends, among whom Lord Suffield and the Marquess of Donegall were to the fore. The party was such a success that before the host finally clears out he intends, I hear, to have an absolute final in the form of a "house freezing" party.

To Anthony Hope (Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins) I am indebted, in his "Memoirs and Notes," for the following story illustrative of some leg-pulling of an election audience with a strong Labour element. When the famous novelist was a candidate a friend speaking for him started his speech with: "As I travelled here to-day in a first-class carriage——." A distinct chill made itself felt among his audience. But he retrieved himself in masterly fashion by continuing, "For I like to find out sometimes what is being said among the uneducated classes."

Keystone

TWO FORMS OF FEMININE BEAUTY: FIRSTLY—

As seen at the Young Painters' Society's Exhibition at the New Burlington Galleries. "The Reclining Woman," as the above work is called, was executed by Henry Moore

—AND SECONDLY

As seen by a leading photographer, Dorothy Wilding, who calls this attractive studio art study "Les Demoiselles"

I WAS one of a party invited last Friday by Mr. Lee Ephraim to luncheon at Kettner's, previous to being shown over his new theatre, which has been finally christened the Prince Edward. Situated at the corner of Greek Street, I was favourably impressed with the theatre's auditorium, which, with its red and gold decorations, is essentially warm and cosy, while what pleased me even more were the spacious foyers and expansive exits. Unlike some London theatres the seats are comfortable to sit in. April 3 is the opening date and the musical comedy *Rio Rita* the attraction.

"DORIS THE SHOPPER"

Dressed in a smart red and navy blue costume, Doris acts as "Shopper" to customers who require purchases made whilst they are taking a meal at Maison Lyons in Oxford Street. This newest form of service is remarkably popular with busy shoppers, and Doris is already quite an institution

A BUDGET OF GOOD THINGS

Now that the Budget is at hand, with the Chancellor faced with a big deficiency, a few humble suggestions may—or more probably may *not*—be welcomed by Mr. Snowden.

WHY not a tax on the Bridge-playing blighter
Who argues throughout every rub.?
And also the man with an ever-dry lighter
Who "borrows" a match at the club?
And what about taxing the man who describes
An eighteen-hole round stroke by stroke?
And likewise he who can't be stopped telling you
An octogenarian joke?

Why not come down on those "know-alls" who yearn
Explain a play's plot with great glee?— [to
"Although you might think she has no one to
turn to,
"She marries young Claude in Act III"—

Then what about taxing all "killjoys" who love
To criticise girls and young men,
And yearn for the day when authorities say
That Curfew must ring out at ten?

Roadhogs and jaywalkers might come in handy
To lessen the load on our backs;
And many a victim would vote it just dandy
If you were to set to and tax
The man with that "cert" for the Lincoln that fails.
So, Philip, please hark to my plea,
Rich and poor, great and small though you'd
tax one and all,
Please *make an exception in me!* B. W.

The Choice of the Spring Costume

By Blanche B. Elliott

WHAT exactly to choose for Spring wear is the burning question of the moment. Everywhere the attendance at dress shows points to an increasing interest in clothes and a laudable desire to see how the new models look on the mannequins. This, incidentally, is the best means of getting down to what you really want, for by letting ideas crystallise in your mind you will learn instinctively which is your particular frock and which is not.

IT seems incredible, but the importance of beginning from the skin outwards is not yet thoroughly grasped by everyone. Yet it is only by that fitted line and difference in shape of the new corset and undies that the new line may be achieved. There is no need for heavy boning unless you are very stout, and even then one must at all costs avoid that upholstered look so common with those who have always imprisoned what the gods intended to be a supple, pliant body, in rigid encasements. It is better to rely on diet, daily exercise, and some of those new electric gadgets which reduce one so successfully. At a recent Hunt ball held in London, and remarkable for the number of country cousins who flock to it, many had obviously put on long frocks and higher waists for the first time. They had clearly not carried a similar tailored symmetry in their "underneaths," and the results were not only disastrous from a dress point of view, but almost indecent. We have, alas! most of us, seen several people like that—so do find the right corsetière. It is *so* important.

IT is quite noticeable that many of the London reproductions of evening frocks are not so low in the back as the Paris originals. We do not dare so much, and most women seem afraid (or are doubtful of) their own anatomy, preferring to hide it beneath a faint layer of tulle. Worth showed a wide jewelled clasp at the low point in the back of most of his evening gowns, and I have more than a shrewd suspicion that this was used to fasten the brassière, which has no other means of support—except great strength of mind. The idea is delightfully decorative, and gets one out of a distinct difficulty, particularly for those not so slim.

A Spring suit from Worth in deep violet with a loose cape coat and one-piece frock held with a wide leather belt. The sleeves show the new elbow length with cuffs of fur, the latest glove length, and an amusing, close-fitting coxcomb hat. Model Worth

A "BLUE" season is predicted this year; in colour—and not in the psychological sense. It will be the choice for sports clothes, which incidentally are often termed "out of town" clothes. Many little one-piece Shantungs, preferably in pale blue, with a plain turn-back collar, short sleeves, belt and wide pleats give the required flare to the hem. Short sleeves have returned with the long glove, and look strange after so long an absence. Blouse sleeves stop above the elbow with a turn-back cuff. This cuff is of fur when on a coat sleeve, and if the sleeves continue to the wrist the cuff is repeated, giving the other a curious forgotten look. Sometimes a frill is placed at the elbow of a long or short sleeve, while Molyneux places a queer little frill under the arms, encircling the armhole of an evening gown.

WORTH'S charming model illustrated by Scaioni has the new length pull-on glove worn with the threequarter sleeve turned back with a cuff of fur. His hats were mostly close-fitting, in shiny straws, rather like an original coiffure in effect, while a trimming ran along the top like a coxcomb. So many couturiers like to add the type of hat they would suggest more as a finish to a costume than launching a new millinery fashion, while milliners, on the other hand, are more and more adding frocks to accompany their hats. The idea is to emphasise the importance of the ensemble.

IMITATION jewellery is a prominent feature for day and evening wear, and ranks as one of the most important accessories. It takes many original forms at different houses. Lanvin uses a white substance like ivory, and has chokers of it which look rather cannibalistic. She is very partial to the close-fitting ruffle generally, and showed some quite Elizabethan in type, some being made of loops of thin stringy straw and some of tightly packed feathers.

Lelong uses glittering coils of snake-like necklaces, which accompany the evening frock, with two or three bracelets to match on one wrist only. Patou creates necklaces in the same colour and material as the frock, by some strange new process. Schiaparelli makes an original contribution with coloured glass necklaces and the use of one glass cuff, which simulates lingerie in effect. In reality it is made of crystal, a new opaque, glass-like substance which Suzanne Talbot used to ornament an evening hat. Other novelties include the set of coloured bracelet, necklace and ring in crystal to accompany the frock.

NORMAN HARTNELL'S most successful dress show at the May Fair Hotel attracted an enormous crowd of well-dressed women and an unusually large sprinkling of men (also well-dressed, I would hastily add). When the air is heavy with gloom of adverse trade balance, and markets choked with the importation of cheap dresses copied from Paris and made in Berlin, the brilliant work of an English designer is like a ray of light to illumine the darkness. An amusing and original touch was the tweed outfit "Flying Scotsman," which matched the tweed golf bag, hatbox and suitcase carried by the somewhat overwhelmed but decorative hall porter in an impromptu rôle of mannequin. Hartnell was particularly successful with some exquisite bridal outfits, and his many trained models gave a hint of the forthcoming Courts, which are of such inspiration and assistance to the English dressmaker. B. B. E.

A sports outfit by Suzanne Talbot showing the nipped-in waist sported by the gaily striped sweater which matches the wider brimmed hat. Long pull-on gloves and a skirt in plain jersey to tone Model Suzanne Talbot

DON'TS FOR FIRST-NIGHTERS

DON'T arrive late at the theatre. The crowd outside the entrance must be given a chance to ask each other, "Oo-er, who's that funny lookin' bloke in the second-'and overcoat?"

DON'T forget to hang about the vestibule till the curtain has been up *at least* five minutes. Only popular actresses enter the auditorium early—and *they* have a reason for it.

DON'T fail to drop your cigarette end or cigar butt on the carpet. Only the very gauche use the ash-trays provided for the purpose.

DON'T forget to nod affably to F——e M——h or A——d B——t if you are standing near them. It won't worry them and it may impress the commissionaire.

DON'T try to give the programme girl sixpence. With so many "dead heads" in front it is fatal to give the impression that you aren't used to getting something for nothing.

DON'T forget to applaud loudly on the first entrance of every principal in the cast. It doesn't matter about the action of the play being held up. "The Star's the thing" on a first night.

DON'T mind pushing past people in your row at the end of each act. If they *won't* help out the bar receipts they must expect to suffer for their parsimony.

DON'T, when you have at last secured a lukewarm whisky and soda, move away from the bar. A drink tastes so much better when you know there are about a hundred people around you who can't get one.

DON'T forget to stand as near Lord X or Lady Z as you can when in the vestibule. Remember a bon mot of someone else's will impress your friends more than a first-hand inanity of your own.

DON'T forget to leave the theatre looking as bored as possible and—if you know how—wear a cynical smile.

BUT don't hope to be mistaken for a dramatic critic. If the play is bad the chances are that Messrs. i. Brow, S. Later, Wright A. Puffe and Co. left at the end of the second act!

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

CLEMENCE DANE WRITES ON

"Three Daughters." By Jane Dashwood (John Murray: 7s. 6d.)

IN 1796 Miss Jane Austen, that "husband-hunting butterfly of twenty-one," wrote a book called *Pride and Prejudice*. It dealt with the problem that the newspapers have since made familiar, "What shall we do with our daughters?" Miss Austen knew that the answer was "Marry them off!" and all her books are emotional variants of "First catch your hare."

"WHAT a theme!" cries the modern woman scornfully. "Surely there are other things for a woman to write about!" And is, of course, perfectly right. Yet the butterfly's account of how the five daughters of Mr. Bennet procured themselves husbands; of how the two elder daughters of Mrs. Dashwood managed to get married; of how the great Emma enchanted Mr. Knightley, are tales which still passionately interest thousands of readers who fight shy of *Ulysses*, and have completely forgotten *What Maisie Knew*.

JUST a hundred years later a group of daughters not unlike the Bennet girls were facing the same problem as the Bennets had to face, the problem, "When shall I marry me?" and to-day Miss Jane Dashwood, looking back upon them, tells their story to the incredulous modern girl. She tells it so well that one wishes regretfully that Jane Austen, having written *Pride and Prejudice* at twenty-one, had thought to write down at thirty-six what Mrs. Bingley and Mrs. Darcy and Mrs. Wickham thought of life when they were half-way through it. Certainly Miss Dashwood's account of what the Pomfret girls thought about life when they were half-way through it is the best thing in *Three Daughters*.

BUT the final picture would not be so good if the earlier parts of the story were not convincingly presented. The mother of the three daughters belongs "bone and marrow to that great period of England's prosperity which was subsequently so much derided. With the nineteenth century just drawn to its close, the age still clung to the Victorian tradition of decency, refinement and idealism . . . while a very few advanced parents believed in the Higher Education and sent their daughters to College, the vast majority educated them on lines of feminine accomplishment and kept them at home, there to wait gracefully for the advent of the husband."

THE conditions in Miss Dashwood's eighteen-nineties are, you see, practically the same as in Miss Austen's seventeen-nineties. But while Miss Austen and Miss Dashwood could exchange heroines quite easily it is scarcely possible to imagine a girl of to-day transferred into the home of the Bennets or the Pomfrets. The hundred years between the French Revolution and the death of Queen Victoria are a travellable road, but the last thirty years are a gulf, and in telling her story of the three girls who have struggled across the gulf Miss Dashwood is, I think, though perhaps unconsciously, putting in a plea for tolerance. She says, in fact, to the young Georgians, "Don't be too down on us Edwardians! Think how difficult it is for us to understand you! Look at the lives we led when we were young!"

AND then she tells the story of the three Edwardian daughters. They were beautiful, charming girls, full of ideas and interests and curiosities, which they were taught to suppress as a matter of course. Their duty was to attract young men and accept the most suitable. In fact, in the interview between Lady Pomfret and Lydia, when Lydia has refused Mr. Paynton, we hear the accents of Jane Austen's Lady Bertram advising the similarly situated Fanny Price. "You must be aware, Fanny, that it is every young woman's duty to accept such a very exceptional offer as this!"

By Norman Kay

"What makes you think Chaucer dictated to a stenographer?"
"Just look at his spelling!"

BUT Lady Pomfret has more character than Lady Bertram, of course. Kind, conventional, domineering and utterly unimaginative, she bullies her children in a way that no modern daughter would stand. Miranda has to fight her mother like an enemy before she is allowed to marry her lover; and for Lydia's tragedy Lady Pomfret has neither understanding nor sympathy.

THE story of Lydia and Julian is the story of a latter-day Hamlet and a mute, inglorious Ophelia. Julian is physically attracted to Lydia, but knows that he will never settle down to domesticity. Yet he suffers in depriving himself of a future which he could not endure, and he makes Lydia suffer with him much as Ophelia suffered. Lydia agonises blindly for him and herself, and never understands until she is a dowdy, middle-aged woman the nature of the invisible barrier which has separated them. But in time she marries her Paynton just because there is nothing else for a woman of her date and upbringing to do! And so the three daughters fulfil their destiny.

IN the third part of the book we are shown them grown middle-aged, occupied with their children, their poverty, their affairs. Nothing has turned out as they expected. Few of their hopes have been realised. The present scarcely belongs to them any more. The future is in the hands of the younger generation. "Nothing mattered." It came to that in the end.

THIS is, in 1930, the verdict of the Edwardian woman on life. Would it have been the verdict of Elizabeth Darcy and Jane Bingley in 1830? One would like to know! Will it be the verdict of Lydia's absurd nephews and nieces in another thirty years? Well, we shall probably be told!

GEORGE WHITELAW'S WHO'S ZOO—No. 15

The Countess of Seafield, who is the latest victim of George Whitelaw's brush, holds her title in her own right. Her marriage last January to Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert created a big sensation in Scotland, where she owns estates in Morayshire, Banffshire, and Ross-shire

WHERE MANY "NATIONAL"

Next Friday, March 28, will see the course at Aintree lined with thousands of spectators from all parts of the country to provides many thrills and spills, for it is here that more than a few horses come to grief and riderless mounts a

BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

L" HOPES ARE SHATTERED

y to witness the running of that greatest of all tests of steeplechase jockeyship, the Grand National. The Canal Turn nts and unseated riders mix with the more fortunate who have successfully avoided disaster at this difficult spot

Painted by Douglas Walker

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

DEAD SEA FRUITS

By MARGARET FERGUSON

When Giles Chantrey, the famous artist, met the beautiful Laura Shoebridge on board a transatlantic liner her beauty captivated him to such an extent that he was able to treat her lack of culture as naught. On his return to England they were brought together again, but under conditions very different from any which Giles ever imagined when he cabled to her to join him.

Illustrated by F. S. MAY

GILES CHANTREY met her on board the Aquitania on his first American trip in April. He had arranged to hold an exhibition of portraits in New York early in May.

Success had come to Chantrey with a rush, dizzying, dazzling as spring that in one night lights a green flame in every bare tree. Already he had reached that stage when fellow-travellers who didn't actually know him to speak to were yet aware of his existence. That is one of the peaks of Fame.

It delighted him that little nudgings and whisperings marked his passing down the crowded decks on those first two days.

"Look! There he is—Giles Chantrey, the great portrait man. You know, he did that simply marvellous thing of Princess Zebouroff in this year's Academy, and last year he painted that too divine portrait of Lady Mercia Thwaites in her golden wedding gown . . . They say he simply can't resist painting a beautiful woman, even if she can't possibly pay him for it . . ."

And Chantrey would dig his hands deeper into his coat-pockets and let the wind blow gaily through his crisp, thick red-gold hair and strut a little, rolling success like a musky wine on his tongue. There was a heady quality of sweetness in it that made his steps very buoyant and his thirty-nine years very light upon his shoulders.

Until she appeared on deck on the evening of the third day and created a counter sensation.

The weather for the first two days had been rather blustery. In the dining saloon there had been quite a number of empty seats, but on the evening of the third day out, a halcyon calm settled over the sea, and the apricot-yellow sunset and the swell of the silken grey waters. And it was exactly the right setting and the right moment, and people were just ready to look and whisper and wonder over a novelty.

SHE stepped out of the saloon door, leaning upon the arm of a big, square-headed and totally unromantic male escort, presumably, by his possessive air, a husband, and everyone's conversation in the vicinity faltered in its stride.

"My dear . . . do look . . . who on earth is she? . . . simply marvellous . . . must be an actress, don't you think? . . . but is that her husband? . . . Do find out, somebody. She's too frightfully intriguing!"

On inquiry, he was her husband. He was a Mr. Horace Shoebridge, of Chicago, one of the world's super millionaires, so a bland and ashen-complexioned French countess murmured into Chantrey's ear. For the past three days she had been planning in her mind exactly what she would wear and how she would wear it when she sat for her portrait. He hadn't yet suggested painting it, but she was hopeful of getting it done in time, not for money, but for love. Chantrey was notoriously susceptible to a handsome woman. He listened to her confidences and cocked a reddish-gold eyebrow inscrutably.

But that night his place at a long central table had been shifted to a vacant seat at the small side table of the Shoebridges. She was a little late for dinner, and Chantrey was especially punctual, so that he was already seated when she came in, trailing pale grey chiffon and lace, with an enormous jade-green fan hanging against it and jade twisted round her arms and throat and dangling from her tiny ears.

Chantrey's artistic eye wandered from the menu and feasted on her colouring. Blue-black hair smooth as satin, ivory-white skin faintly flushed with a warm peach tint, enormous golden-brown eyes thicketed with black, curling lashes, the clear rosiness of mouth and the sheen of bare shoulders and arms. He ate his fish abstractedly. What a woman! The world must be at her feet, the earth and everything in it, hers for the asking with beauty like that, madonna, mysterious, ethereal.

CHANTREY and Mr. Shoebridge exchanged brief remarks during the first two courses. But all the time Mrs. Shoebridge sat with drooped lashes and her flower lips closed in silence. Not with any hint of self-consciousness or coquettishness; she didn't seem to sense his admiration and his curiosity. And yet he felt that some electric current must surely be running between them.

He wanted fiercely to hear her speak. Almost more than her face was a woman's voice important. The jade made a faint green glow on her white skin. He leaned sideways to her.

"Are you keen on deck games, Mrs. Shoebridge?"

He and Shoebridge had been vaguely discussing deck tennis and tournaments. Somehow he must make her speak, too, even if, out of apparent shyness, she only said "yes" or "no."

Her eyelashes lifted slowly, her hands hovered over her plate, her lips parted slightly.

"Oh," she said, "I don't really know. I'm not much of a hand at playing things and running about, am I, Horace? I never was."

Chantrey helped himself swiftly to salted almonds to hide a sudden rising of colour in his face, though why the sound of her voice should have made him blush he could never understand. But it did, whether from disappointment or shock he couldn't say. But he had a queer feeling when he heard that flat, Cockney, uneducated voice, that made him wriggle with embarrassment, as though her innocent reply had been some indecent joke. Vaguely he heard her husband's voice cutting in, saying something rather abrupt. When Chantrey looked up again from his salted almonds she had fallen back into her original pose, silent, with arms gracefully poised, and her face calm with a blank, madonna quietness.

But Chantrey thought quickly:

"Good lord! One can forgive her anything, even that voice!"

THE next morning Mrs. Shoebridge was waylaid as she paced the decks before breakfast. Shoebridge was still sleeping off his after-dinner libation, and the deck was pretty well deserted. A strong wind was blowing, and her pale skin was flushed and warm and her bronze eyes bright. She smiled at Chantrey.

"It's lonely work walking by yourself, isn't it? Horace hates it, and I never can get him to stir. But I like it; it makes me hungry. But then I'm always hungry; eat simply tons, I do; more than I ought. Makes me fat."

They fell into step side by side. After her first remarks she fell silent again, conversation exhausted and feeling suddenly awkward with him; but Chantrey didn't mind that. To his own surprise he found himself getting quite confidential, telling her about his work and his models and his ideas about life and beauty.

(All rights strictly reserved)

"I worship beauty," he said. "Beauty like yours. It gives me a lump in the throat and a cold feeling down my spine. Exquisite!"

Her brown eyes opened wider.

"Oh, I say! I'm not like that." Then she grew a little forlorn. "Well, p'raps I'm quite pretty, but—it's not much use to me, is it? That's all I am, not bad-looking. I can't talk smart nor be clever nor show off like most people you meet and all Horace's crowd. Stupid, that's what I am, and Horace gets so tired of it and bored. I expect you get so used to a pretty face if you live with it always that after a bit you don't notice it at all."

She stopped at the saloon door and smiled cheerfully.

"I smell breakfast, and I'm ever so hungry. Thanks for the walk; it was ever so nice. Bye-bye."

THEY walked again before dinner, and in consequence they were both a little late in getting down. She wore palest creamy pink with pearls as smooth as her throat round it. Chantrey ate his dinner remotely, listening to Horace Shoebridge's drawling voice with only half an ear. Beauty, yes, he adored it; his artist soul worshipped it blindly, his eyes hungered for it. Stupid was she, and uneducated! He knew that, of course, the moment she spoke. Rather boring—but her pale, oval face haunted his dreams.

For the last three days of the voyage he frankly annexed her. They walked and talked, or, rather, he talked, and then got as far as being comfortably silent with her. People are very well on the way to a pleasant intimacy when they can be silent together without feeling awkward about it. Not that he really knew what she felt about things, because she was silent most of the time, only putting in an admiring "How funny" or "That must be ever so nice."

Shoebridge husband spent his entire time in the smoking-room, and she was far too shy to talk to any of the other women on board.

On the last night, in the darkest corner of the boat deck, he kissed her, and felt her loveliness melt warmly into his arms. But it wasn't a woman that he kissed, nor any particular woman, it was simply beauty, demanding homage.

II.

HE fell comfortably asleep the moment his head touched the pillow, he was so impersonal and unexcited over it.

The Shoebridges were stopping in New York for a month, therefore she was his first sitter for a portrait. The difficulty of catching her elusive tints fascinated him. He hated painting obvious or stereotyped women, and most of them seemed to be like that nowadays, so that when he had painted one hard, crisp-featured, delicately tinted and shingled lady, he had painted them all.

But Laura Shoebridge was different. He spent hours staring at the long line of her throat and chin and the strange blue shadows in her sleek hair, while she sat motionlessly happy. And inevitably she became like a drug, a craving in him. He couldn't rest away from the sight of her.

On the one night, a fortnight after their arrival in New York, when her husband went to Chicago on business, she came late to Chantrey's rooms. She was wrapped in a dark golden shawl, sprawled all over with crimson and bronze flowers, and she wore amber round her throat. She sat curled in a chair while he walked up and down. She was nervous and wistful, but quite calm.

"He can divorce you, Laura. It's perfectly simple."

"He never would, Giles. It's his rule in life never to give up a thing that's once belonged to him, even if it bores him. And I belong to him."

"Even if he knows?"

"He does know. But he won't mind up to so far because it keeps me amused. But beyond that—no. He's proud of me in a way, I s'pose. Likes to see people turn round and look at me, and that sort of thing. Likes to know that I'm one of the things that belong to him. Men *do* think of their wives after a bit like that."

She was quite unaware of irony.

"Then it doesn't matter a damn if we go on as we are. I can't do without you. I must see you every day. . . ."

BUT by the summer he was tired of her. Not that she was less lovely, but that he had got suddenly used to her. His painter's eye was sated, and that was all in him that craved for her. He had plumbed her mysteries, captured her loveliness in paint, so that his portrait of her was the most striking thing in his very successful exhibition, he had conquered her entirely.

And really she was quite right in her own summing up of herself; she was

"The difficulty of catching her

uneducated and she was, decidedly, stupid. One could forgive lack of savoir faire and knowledge, but stupidity—that was rather trying. One could never talk to her intelligently, one could not discuss anything or argue with her. Her incessant agreement and acquiescence got on his nerves.

The Shoebridges had to stay indefinitely in New York, and he had booked up a good number of portraits so that he, too, was kept there.

But in July Laura grew rather colourless and limp with the fierce heat, and Shoebridge suddenly made up his mind to take her off to the mountains. At the end of that month Chantrey was going back to England. Their plans were all rearranged in the space of a few days, and he found that he could leave New York two days after the Shoebridges, instead of being kept for another three weeks.

But in those last few days he carefully avoided a tête-à-tête with her, and he said good-bye to her publicly in the full glare of the railway station. She looked very pale, but so did everyone in that blaring, glaring hot-house heat. She said that it had been ever so nice to have met him. And, of course, she knew, understood everything with a penetrating clearness. And anyway, the situation had been getting impossible. His address, he said, was vague at present, but he would write from England.

sive tints, fascinated him"

And if they ever came over on a visit they must drop him a line . . . like to meet again. . . . The train swept out of the station. . . . The last he saw of them was Shoebridge's round, red face hanging out of a window with a curious, faintly ironical smile illuminating it. Did he understand, too? It gave Chantrey a prickly feeling under the collar.

But after all, she had everything a woman could possibly want in this world.

He had a pleasant voyage home and met a number of friendly people, and was particularly intrigued and attracted by the chic, elfin charm of the little Princess Moreno of Balkamia, who was travelling on the same boat. Her rich, warm, Southern tints made his hand itch for the paint brush and a stretch of virgin canvas.

He was pleased to see his London flat again, and the competent Parkes, his man servant, and the gay flower pageantry in Hyde Park on a fine Sunday morning. Life flowed along very pleasantly and smoothly until October.

And then one October morning he found on his breakfast plate a fiercely official-looking envelope which contained an astonishing document that made him leap in his seat. It bore at the head the name of a famous firm of American lawyers, and in stately language it informed him that their client, Mr. Horace Shoebridge, of Chicago, had instituted divorce proceedings against his wife, Mrs. Laura Shoebridge, in which he, Mr. Giles Chantrey, of Queen's Gate, London, was cited as co-respondent. Would he notify his lawyers of this and take whatever steps he decided upon as soon as possible?

He was too thunderstruck for a moment to think at all. Why? Why now, several months later, and not then, when he was actually in New York? A puzzled frown creased his forehead. What on earth had Laura done? And would she defend herself? Not likely. He couldn't imagine her fiercely putting up a fight, she would be too meek, too scared.

And suddenly the frown left his face and gave place, first to a curious blankness of thought, and then to a little hesitating smile and dawning of excitement. He was, in fact, in his dramatic way, seeing himself in a romantic position.

Of course, as a man of honour there was only one thing for him to do, and he had never failed in the "beau geste" at the right moment.

In marrying Laura there would be advantages, too. Not having seen her for several months the thought of her beauty and serenity was tantalising, mysterious. He would have in his home a permanent, exquisite model. One could really paint her for ever without coming to the end of her possibilities. He would make her as famous in her generation as Emma Hamilton had been in hers, and portraits of "Laura" would become world famous.

He sent off a cablegram after breakfast.

"Don't worry writing will stand by you whatever happens.—GILES."

The sooner it was over the better for all of them. He didn't want his work or his season to be upset, though. When he got no reply from her he sent another wire.

"Better come to England marry me here cannot come to America.—GILES."

She replied to these reassuring words with a curious vagueness.

"Are you sure things changed since we last met haven't they please wire—LAURA."

He couldn't understand her incoherent reference, and didn't try to. Already he was planning a new portrait of her, wrapped in that golden shawl, posed against a dark-red background. Thank heavens, she was really lovely! But, of course, if she hadn't been, this wouldn't have happened, and old Shoebridge wouldn't have had a ghost of a chance of winning his case. And when they lived actually in England, where he had so many interests and friends, her stupidity really wouldn't matter so very much.

He wired exuberantly:

"Leave as soon as possible."

But it wasn't till a fortnight later that he heard from her again, and then it was a brief telegram.

"Sailing Berengaria to-morrow Southampton second November don't meet me."

He couldn't possibly have met her at Southampton; he had sittings with Lady Mona O'Niel and Mrs. Madross that filled up most of the day and a rather important dinner-party at the Zyders in the evening. He wired to Laura affectionately and went back to his easel.

How jealous all these artificial, elaborate women would be of her! She would make them look like so many wax-works in a shop window, fantastic.

But still at the back of his mind during the next few days he puzzled over the eternal mystery of—why?

III

THE dinner-party on the second was rather a late affair, and it was nearly midnight before he got away and took a taxi home.

Laura's train was due in at eleven forty-five, and she had promised to come straight to his flat before going to her hotel. Suddenly he felt almost nervous; his hands were damp, his throat sticky. He let himself into the flat and stood for a moment in the hall listening. Parkes came out and took his coat and hat.

"A lady to see you, sir, in the study."

So she was there, as quiet as ever, probably horribly embarrassed and confused. He went in, his heart thumping a little.

"My dear, how late I am! I am sorry."

He saw the top of a small black hat, the curve of a pale cheek in the firelight. Slowly she turned her head. She was wearing one of those chic little lacy black veils down to her chin.

"It was a cursedly long affair. Did you have a comfortable journey up?"

Of course, he thought a trifle irritably, she would be tongue-tied and gauche over the affair; she was so little a woman of the world. He must do all the skilful handling of the situation.

"Come nearer. I'll order something for you to drink. Would you like some coffee? Take your hat off and be comfortable while I order it."

SHE had taken it off; he saw the soft coil of black hair on her white neck. A rich satisfaction filled him with warmth. Yes, her beauty was as fresh and alluring as ever to him.

He smiled at her and then he put out a hand blindly for the nearest chair-back. He could hear himself breathing roughly, quickly; the lights swam in front of his eyes.

Was he mad? Her face, her lovely, pale madonna face. . . . On the left side it was all distorted, puckered up towards the eyebrow, seamed and lined and roughened from eye to chin. He felt slightly sick.

"That motor smash, Giles; wasn't it awful? I suppose you read all about it. Lucky we weren't killed. Horace got off quite lightly, but I was all mixed up with the glass. And Horace—well, I knew you guessed when you sent such a nice message. He simply couldn't stand me; he can't bear anything ugly, you know. So it was handy, wasn't it, that you . . ."

Suddenly she stopped, terror dawning in her brown eyes. His stillness, his stiffness, frightened her.

"But . . . you knew, dear, didn't you . . . about it, about me being cut about like this, disfigured? You read about it in September, when it happened?"

He pulled the chair up to the fire and smiled at her with empty eyes but kind lips.

"Of course I knew," he answered. "It was ghastly for you, my dear—and yet lucky for me. Because otherwise . . . queer, isn't it? Here's your coffee. . . ." M. F.

Tom Walls as he appears as P.C. Michael Marsden in "A Night Like This," the new Ben Travers farce at the Aldwych Theatre. He should certainly have no difficulty in creating a lifelike study of a man in blue because, before he took up acting, he was a member of the C Division of the Metropolitan Police

OUR EMPIRE SERIES

By courtesy of the South African Railways

No. 8: PICTURESQUE DURBAN

(Top picture) : A fine view of West Street Central, Durban, one of the main thoroughfares. This town, the largest in Natal, is situated at the head of the Bay of Natal, thus affording an excellent seaport

(Lower picture) : The Esplanade and Bay at Durban. Here is one of the many charming views that can be seen in this town which has a population of over 19,000

FILM NOTES

MUSICAL COMEDY, MURDER

Dolores and Armida as they appear in "The Sister Act" in "Show of Shows," Warner Bros. new talkie in colour at the Tivoli

MUSICAL comedies are still proving a fertile field for the American producers, and so, as a successor to "Sally," we have "No, No, Nanette," which is commencing a run at the Alhambra. I could think of a lot of better musical comedies than this for screen purposes, but it must be confessed that Clarence Badger, the director, has done extremely well with his material.

The film differs a great deal from its stage antecedent, and generally for the better. Some new songs have been added, and, in addition to extremely well-staged dancing ensembles, there is quite an entertaining farcical plot.

As a matter of fact, it is not the principals—that is, Nanette, played by Bernice Claire, and her lover, Tom Trainor, played by Alexander Gray—who count nearly so much as the comedy team work of Lucien Littlefield, Louise Fazenda, Lilyan Tashman and Bert Roach. These four indulge in some excellent fooling.

LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD is married to Louise Fazenda, who is early Victorian in ideas and habits. He gets himself involved innocently with a couple of gold-diggers and also with Bernice Claire, the daughter of his oldest friend, whom he takes to his household on the friend's death. Trouble is caused by Lilyan Tashman, who plays the part of a lawyer's wife, the lawyer being Bert Roach.

She has one of those suspicious minds which are in the habit of causing trouble. However, between them Bert Roach and Lucien Littlefield manage to dispel suspicion.

These characters are extremely well drawn, and keep the action going. Then in the intervals, as it were, we have lavishly set stage presentations introduced because Bernice Claire is an actress and Tom Trainor, her lover, both actor and song writer, and because Lucien Littlefield has been wheedled into financing them.

ONCE again the big scenes are in colour, and once again I feel that they would have been just as, if not more, effective in monochrome. However, the staging is extremely ingenious with exceptionally well-directed choruses and a sense of space in the backgrounds which is wholly admirable.

Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day in "The Sister Act"

Sally Blane and Loretta Young looking delightfully knowing in "The Sister Act"

NEITHER Alexander Gray nor Bernice Claire can be considered for a moment as histrionically good. For the most part they repeat their lines as if they were reading from the book. But the supporting cast covers their defects, and they have good voices, which is really all that is necessary for their parts.

I would advise a visit to this cheery show, especially if you do not go there in too captious or critical a mood. It is an excellent "after-a-good-dinner" entertainment.

Strong British Drama

IT is a pleasure to be able to welcome such a good British mystery drama as "At the Villa Rose," at the Capitol.

This adaptation of A. E. W. Mason's novel, by Leslie Hiscott, is extremely good, and will stand comparison with any of the same type of picture from American studios.

It concerns the murder at a séance of a certain Madame D'Auvray, who has two passions—one for jewellery, and the other for spiritualism. Wealth supplies the answer to the first passion, and Celia, a medium, fulfils the other. After the mysterious death of Madame, Celia disappears, and her fiancé calls in a detective.

"I trust my husband—my Jimmy," Louise Fazenda, the dowdy, old-fashioned wife, somewhat doubtfully affirms when her blonde friend tries to arouse her suspicions about Nanette, in "No, No, Nanette," the First National Picture now at the Alhambra . . .

Sisters in "The Sister Act." Dolores and Helen Costello

AND MATRIMONY By Lionel Collier

. . . but she finds that maybe it is better to dress well to attract your own husband

Harriet Lake and Marion Byron in "The Sister Act"

The characterisation of this latter is extremely good, and we are led most convincingly into a labyrinth of clues and deductions which have the merit of being logical and free from the obvious "red-herring" trails to which pictures so frequently subject us.

FINALLY it is proved that the murder was committed by the fiancé, and that Celia has been held by his gang.

Balance is excellent. Every scene is given its right value, and a definite pattern is evolved which keeps one interested all the way through. There is, perhaps, a little too much insistence on detail, but this is a fault in the right direction. Norah Baring is excellent as Celia, while Austin Trevor gives a convincing study of a detective outside the realms of the more hectic crime novels. The cast includes Barbara Gott as the victim, Francis Lister as the fiancé, Richard Cooper as a fop, and Violet Farebrother as a maid.

Shirley Mason and Viola Dana in "The Sister Act"

Alice and Marceline Day in "The Sister Act"

Adamae and Alberta Vaughan, two patriotic sisters in their act

Clever Silent Feature

HAVING raved over Jacques Feyder's version of "Thérèse Raquin," retitled in this country "Thou Shalt Not," as one of the most perfect silent dramas ever made, I looked forward with more interest than usual to "The Kiss."

This silent feature, at the Empire as I write, does not approach the work the producer did in Germany.

It deals with a temperamental woman married to an elderly husband and in love with a barrister. The husband gets jealous of a schoolboy who adores the woman, and, finding him alone with his wife, tries to kill him. The wife shoots her husband. At the trial she is defended by the barrister lover, who proves a case of suicide. She is acquitted and confesses the truth to her lover.

Greta Garbo strikes too artificial a note, but Conrad Nagel makes an attractive lover, and Anders Randolf a convincing, jealous husband. Technical direction is excellent, and when all is said and done I must confess that I would rather see this silent picture than the great majority of American talkies.

ONE of the most ambitious screen revues, in colour, "The Show of Shows," is now having a season at the Tivoli. It contains a galaxy of stars, including John Barrymore, who gives an excerpt from Shakespeare. A full criticism will appear next week.

Fred Daniels

JOHN LONGDEN

A wonderful study of the young film star as he appears in "Two Worlds," the new talkie being made by British International at Elstree, which bears remarkable testimony to the artistic merit of our own films. John Longden was formerly a miner, and first got his chance on the films in "Quinneys"

DREAMS, BY WORTHINGTON

THE WINDOW-CLEANER'S DREAM

"You can't fool me...
I judge whisky by its *flavour*...
not by the label"

This one is

Dunville's
IRISH WHISKY

"I recognise that
true whisky flavour"

D.A.-W. 10

PARIS GOSSIP

"Always writing books with titles such as 'Famous People Who Have Met Me'"

CELEBRITIES, CENSORSHIP AND SALES

By Sylvia Lyon *Illustrations by NORMAN KAY*

IT seems that gossipy, or literary people, or both, are always writing books with titles such as "Famous People Who Have Met Me." Now, I am gathering material for one that I will call "Famous People I Have Not Met," and I will dedicate it with love and kisses to the Editor of THE BYSTANDER. Now, the Editor is a bit crabby at times, but I like the way he wears his top-hat when he comes to Paris; but I do not know whether he was being crabby or was wearing his top-hat when he suggested that now and then I mention what English people do when they come to Paris. Coincidental with his suggestion, the Princesse Marthe Bibesco said to me, "Would you like to meet Margot Asquith? Then come here to-morrow; she will be lunching with me." So the following day I went down to the Rue de l'Université, and the Comtesse de Janzé and Lord d'Abernon and the Abbé Mugnier were there, but in the middle of lunch Lady Oxford and Asquith telephoned from the Ritz to say that she had forgotten all about the little lunch party that she had expressly asked the Princesse to arrange for her; and the Princesse laughed and said that at least she had told the truth instead of saying that she had been delayed at the dentist's, or something like that. Anyhow, I am thus able to inform the readers of THE BYSTANDER what English people do or do not do when they are in Paris.

ONE night during the week I was up at Frisco's in the Rue Fromentin, where ranged around the walls, or being squashed on the floor, were Monsieur Davila, the Roumanian Minister at Washington, Erskine Gwynne and his wife, Michael Arlen and his wife, and Georges Carpentier with someone who was not his wife, and Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, and the Duke of Leeds with another man, neither of whom were dressed, which is one of the astonishing things that English people do when they come to Paris. Well, during the evening, I mean the morning, Michael Arlen came to sit at our table, and said that he had been reading a truly disgusting book, and I said quickly, "Name, please?" and he answered, "Hangover," and said that it really should be censored, as it is a most dangerous book to fall into the hands of young things of seventeen or eighteen; and I said, "I hope you don't mean me, or, rather, I hope you do mean me." But I felt most awfully reassured about the state of the world in general even when people like Michael Arlen think that some books are a menace to the welfare of the young, as last week I had seen a lot of fresh Americans who think it smart for people to have no morals or scruples at all. And then Mr. Arlen left to go back to his own table, and Erskine Gwynne came over and said, "May I sit down on the chair where Michael Arlen sat?" and I said, "What a wonderful rhythm in that sentence; it should be set to music." Which goes to show what kind of ideas filter through one's head when one goes to Frisco's. And for any ideas to filter through a woman's head must be difficult these days, for women are plastering down their hair with as much pomade as Argentine boys put on their heads.

"Women are plastering down their hair with as much pom as Argentine boys put on their heads"

A YOUNG American couple in Paris, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Richardson, have opened an English library, called "Books," at 38 Rue du Mont Thabor, the library consisting of three rooms done in pale green, lined with all the latest novels. It seems to be a great success, although Arthur Richardson is studying at the Beaux Arts, and in the mornings his wife is being painted by Zuloaga, who is in Paris for a few weeks. My life is full of coincidences, for the day after meeting Mrs. Richardson, who was Hope Livermore of New York, first in the library and then at a dinner that evening, the next day at lunch I met Zuloaga's daughter Lucie, who is in Paris getting her trousseau. Well, that day we were talking about Spanish people, and I was told that there is a Spaniard in town who is trying to cut a great dash, so he has rented a terraced apartment in the Upper Champs-Elysées, above Rouff, the dressmaker. So people are calling the apartment, "Le Bluff sur le Toit."

AT the benefit for the Union des Artistes held at the Cirque d'Hiver last week Sacha Guitry and Tristan Bernard, dis-

LITERATURE AND AUCTIONS

Bathers enjoying a sun bath on the sands at Biarritz. The warm sunny weather experienced at this famous resort on the Côte des Basques makes it a deservedly popular winter resort

guised as each other, auctioned off the original programme; that is, the drawings and manuscripts of the text composed for the occasion by Forain, Sem, Marie Laurencin, Madame de Noailles, Colette, etc. The programme brought thirty-five thousand francs, which I think was a bargain; but perhaps it wasn't, as an almost perfect Caxton Bible was sold at the Hôtel Drouot the other day for only eighteen hundred. But I am not here to talk about Bibles. Heaven forbid! I am merely reminded of a story about a Marie Laurencin painting. A friend of mine went to a house where, on the wall, he saw a Laurencin picture.

"What a pretty bouquet of flowers," he remarked.

"Those aren't flowers," said his hostess, "that's my sister."

As for manuscripts, if signed by a woman, I should think that buyers would be a bit sceptical in France. Some months ago Madame Francois de Croisset, who was Marie de Chevigné, bought a house in the country. Her husband took one look at the house, said he didn't like it, and certainly was not going to buy it. The owner of the house said, "Ha! ha! it's already yours; your wife has bought it." Croisset, whose new book, "Nous Avons Fait un Beau Voyage," gives a most gay but impressive picture of India, said, "Is that so? Well, a woman's signature has no legal value in France unless her husband's signature goes along with it." So the case is going to court.

are countless people to do it for them. After Jean Martel's book on Clemenceau appeared André Tardieu remarked that the Egyptian Pharaohs were very wise; they had their secretaries buried with them.

When Tardieu's Ministry fell, with some happy premonition he only packed one valise to take with him to an hotel. His other clothes he left behind. So when he returned, a few days later, to the Ministère in the Place Beauveau it was as though he had been away on an ordinary week-end.

A little of this and a little of that: the young Duc de Montebello is

The Biarritz Golf Links at Anglet la Forêt. With its extensive views and magnificent scenery this is a charming course, which, incidentally, provides some excellent golf

A first edition of Croisset's "La Féerie Cingalaise" was recently sold for over five hundred francs, which, considering an ordinary edition of a French book sells for twelve to fifteen, and what is stamped "édition originale," and printed on better paper, sells for twenty or twenty-five, shows that Croisset is soaring in the literary market. Proust firsts are unbuyable, and even Gide is nearly so. The book of the week is Maurice Constantin-Weyer's "P.C. de Compagnie," where he, as an officer during the War, shows what he suffered with being an officer, in contrast to the recent complaints of writers who were in the ranks; but I hope that a new flood of War books from this angle will not be written; there is a new book on "The Tiger," René Benjamin's "Clemenceau dans la Retraite," which shows that great men need never write their memoirs; there

engaged to the Princesse Diane de Broglie; Lady Egerton has sold her dressmaking house, which she had run under the name of "Paul Caret"; a marvellous collection of Napoleonic furniture, pictures and relics have been given to Malmaison by Madame Deutsch de la Meurthe; there is a project, and a very wise one, to ameliorate (the vocabulary the girl has, and she never in her life did a crossword puzzle, either) the Sunday traffic from Paris to Versailles: returning motorists will have to come back to town by way of Sèvres. . . .

Maurice Rostand is writing a play for Raquel Mellor, who is going to try the legitimate stage for a while, and Gaston Baty has given up the management of the Théâtre Pigalle, which seems to have started out on its career a little bumpily.

S. L.

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MISS HORSFIELD and ABE MITCHELL at MOOR

Central Press

Miss P. Walker playing from a bunker before the 12th green in "The Bystander" Ladies' and Professionals' Mixed Foursomes last Wednesday. Miss Walker and Len Holland represented Gerrard's Cross. Their score for the 36 holes was 176

Sport and General

ON THE SIXTH GREEN

Miss S. Bailey putting. Partnered by Archie Compston (Coombe Hill), they were bracketed second with a score of 164. Miss Jean Hamilton (Tandridge) is in the foreground. Miss S. Bailey is also seen, in the inset on the right

I.N.A.

SINCE onlookers are reputed to see most of the game, bystanders may be given credit for the same long sight. Accordingly, here and now, let it be set down "without prejudice," as our legal friends say, that never has there been so successful a BYSTANDER Trophy meeting as that long, cold day at Moor Park when Miss Horsfield and Abe Mitchell took the Trophy back to Verulam for the third time. Chilled but cheerful, cold but keen, shivering yet smiling—describe those record sixty-four couples as you will—the general impression was altogether gay and cheery.

PERHAPS the heartiness of the proceedings was due to some subtle influence from the ghost of bluff King Hal, who is reputed to have spent some of his several honeymoons within the spacious walls of the present clubhouse: he would doubtless have been, shall we say, a lusty golfer, as vigorous as were the players in the club dining room, eating vigorous meals and exchanging yarns of how gallantly their partners played.

Now the lunch-time stories which he heard were something like these:

"You're the person who can tell us everything: tell me, what did Sandy Herd and Miss Regnart do? When I left them the lady was playing like a little book, cool as a cucumber, and dear old Sandy keen as a two-year-old."

"WENT on splendidly. I joined them just after he'd put their second at the 17th into the bunker to the left of the green. They'd gone out in 41, and the seven holes home till there had only cost them 28. 'Take just an inch of sand with it,' said Sandy, like a doctor prescribing a dose, and Miss Regnart took the inch perfectly, played it so quietly, to within five yards of the pin. 'Grand,' said Sandy, 'you couldn't have done better. Now, then, I must hole it after that.' And he did!

"THEN he was a wee pushy at the 18th; she putted too strong, and they had a four, home in 36. Very fine going. Wish they could win it. Who did I watch after that? Well, yes, of course, it's always a joy to look at Harry Vardon, and Havers and Gadd and Ockenden and Tingey—you really didn't know which to choose. As for Archie Compston, he always amuses me, and always collects a large gallery. My word, he was hitting the ball—I love the way he hits it: gets the nip in just the right minute, to my mind. And a rattling good little lady, Miss Sylvia Bailey, runner-up, they say, in the Girls' Championship.

"HIS pupil. Keen as mustard he is about her golf: says her swing

PARK, Win "BYSTANDER" TROPHY Again

Leading Scores

1. VERULAM (Miss Horsfield, 6, and Abe Mitchell) (allowed 1 stroke), 76+79=155.
2. MOOR PARK (Miss A. C. Regnart, 3, and A. Herd) (+1), 78+86=164.
3. COOMBE HILL (Miss S. Bailey, 7, and A. Compston) (1), 80+84=164.
4. DOWNE (Mrs. Brookes, 18, and A. Macdonald) (5), 76+88=164.
5. LEATHERHEAD (Mrs. N. E. Frost, 10, and A. Perry) (2), 79+85=164.

is naturally right, and he's hard at work sort of consolidating it. Home in 36, 44 out, and they get one off. Miss Bailey's a seven handicap.

"NICE player the girl against her, Miss Jean Hamilton. Gives piano recitals at Wigmore Hall or somewhere like that, I hear.: swing reminds me of Miss McCulloch, the ex-Scottish champion. Oh, yes, quite young. And another promising Girl Championship player, Miss Diana Plumpton, with Tingey. She's long, only not much of a putter yet. Saw Tingey play two of the best shots of the day, his second at the 13th and his second at the 15th: both of them finished within six yards of the pin.

"WHAT have Abe Mitchell and Miss Horsfield done? 77 less one, 76: rare good going, that. They're a perfect pair, if ever there was one. Must take a look at them this afternoon. Somebody tied with them for first place so far, Downe—oh, yes, that newish Kent course, Macdonald and Mrs. Brookes, eighteen handicap lady, 81 less five, 76; excellent. Can they keep it up? Wait and see. Miss Gourlay and Mounce. Poor Miss Gourlay's got the fiend's own cold. Can't see out of her eyes to putt. Who's that just come in?

"That's Mrs. Frost. Won the Girls' when she was Molly Mackay, playing for Leatherhead with Perry. Eighty-one less two, seventy-nine: that's in the running, then. Here, let me eat some of this excellent lunch now. I'll tell you the rest at tea."

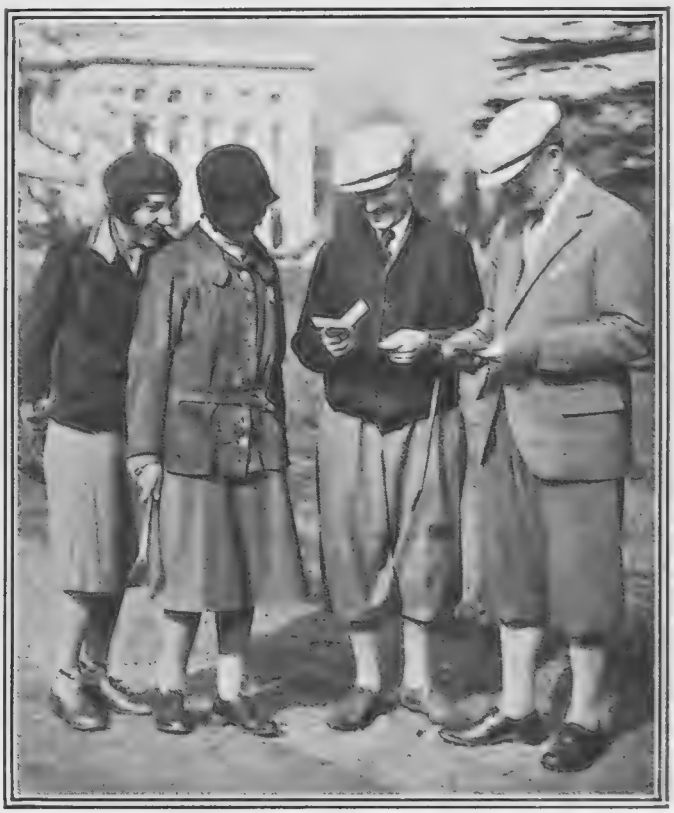
AND at tea time:

"What did I tell you? Miss Horsfield and Mitchell are leading, with nine strokes to spare: wonderful foursome golf all the way, only one six the livelong day, Abe Mitchell putting like an angel. Watch anybody else? Well, went to have a look at Downe, but they'd cracked; Moor Park ditto; putts all over the place; Coombe Hill likewise. Miss Bailey's a bit young to stand the racket if Compston lets her down once or twice, as he did. No, I liked watching the holders: they do deserve to win. Eighty less one—seventy-nine on an afternoon like this, and when you're holders, too: real fine going. Here's Leatherhead again. What's this tragedy? An eight at the 15th, and still tied for second: that's a bit hard. Well, well, it's been a good day's golf. Lady du Maurier going to give away the prizes. That's Captain Harker, the Moor Park captain, speaking now, and Colonel Villiers, the secretary over there. Awfully well they have done things."

Miss Molly Gourlay, the Champion, representing Camberley Heath with T. Mounce, driving from the 11th tee. Their score was 175

Photographs

Miss Horsfield and Abe Mitchell (Verulam) won "The Bystander" Competition for the third time in four years. The famous professional is seen driving from the 18th tee, and he and his partner did the 36 holes in the fine score of 155



Sport and General

From L. to R.: Miss Peggy Walker, Miss Horsfield, Len Holland and Abe Mitchell. Miss Peggy Walker and Len Holland represented Gerrard's Cross. Their score was 176. The beautiful clubhouse of Moor Park is in the background

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

MR. WALPOLE'S "ROGUE" By Ralph Straus

MR. HUGH WALPOLE'S new novel, *Rogue Herries* (Macmillan: 10s. 6d.), contains more than seven hundred pages of print, yet I fancy that I am right in saying that it is only the first part of a much longer work; two hundred years, no less, in the history of a great English family. By no means an unambitious scheme; on the contrary, a quite colossal scheme; and the question arises: Is Mr. Walpole going to make of his scheme merely an accurately prepared and colourful and dramatic panorama, or a real masterpiece which will take its place, permanently, in English literature?

The striking jacket to Miss Edith Sitwell's biography, "Alexander Pope" (Faber and Faber: 15s.), which was reviewed in these columns last week. It is the work of Mr. Rex Whistler

THERE will be time enough, however, to answer that question. At the moment we have a detailed picture of the Herries family only as they were during the first three quarters of the eighteenth century, not, be it noted, in London or some fashionable spa, but in the Cumberland towns and hamlets where, to-day, Mr. Walpole spends so much of his time. Moreover, although we are given more than mere glimpses of a score of Herries men and women, it is with one Francis, the black sheep of the family, and with his son David, that the book is mainly concerned.

THERE are many things that might be said about it. Maybe it is uneven, at times too long-drawn-out, at moments too "quiet." But there are also scenes which cannot possibly be forgotten—the drowning of a witch, a duel, Prince Charlie in Carlisle, the dreadful price that David must pay for his wife. And as a picture of the times it is wonderfully faithful. They were coarse in those days, and Mr. Walpole does not shrink from the task of showing how coarse they were. Above all, the portrait of Rogue Herries himself is masterful.

A STRANGE man, indeed, possessed of a devil. Always is he being forced into actions which really disgust and distress him. He is cruel and tyrannical and lascivious and moody. He despises his first wife because she fears him, and is contemptuous towards the family because they are not worried by the mystery of life. Yet he loves his son, and when the gipsy child, Mirabell, crosses his path he can become a wholly different man. And what a strange business this second marriage is! He is seventy-three before his great love is returned. But whatever he may have done in that long and curious life of his, he has bred up a son who will make the right kind of ancestor for those who are to follow, and the devil at his side, one may decide, has gone for ever.

WHAT, then, will these new Herries make of their lives? Already, when Francis and his wife die on the same day in 1774, a little of the coarseness is going, and much of the crude superstition. A new class of men is rising up between the Sir Pomfrets and the Benjamins, and mechanical inventions, hardly noticed at the time, are about to work wonders. You find yourself thinking about these things, adding on vaguely to the family tree which Mr. Walpole has constructed with such care. And undeniably you are caught up in the Herries glamour. You may want to skip a page or two here and there; you may wish that there had been more of the Herries in Kensington village and of the great world in London; but you come to know these Cumberland hills as though you had lived there and seen Rogue Herries and his splendid son face to face, and you do begin to understand what England away from the towns was like in the days of the earlier Georges. I do not think that it will be everybody's book—for all its intimate vignettes and its strikingly vivid scenes there is something a little cold, and even aloof, about its grandeur—but of its bigness there is no doubt at all.

FROM America there comes another long novel, and here, too, the background will be strangely unfamiliar to most people. *Singermann* (Cobden Sanderson: 8s. 6d.) is a story of a family of Roumanian Jews in process of Americanisation. Old Moses is as orthodox as any of his ancestors, but his sons tend to go apart. The eldest marries a Jewess turned Christian Scientist, and sets up a store which remains open even on the Day of Atonement. Another son marries outside the faith. Sol, the boxer, may one day enter a Roman Catholic church, not only on a friend's account; and when Michael, the youngest, leaves his family for a University career, a new tradition has been born.

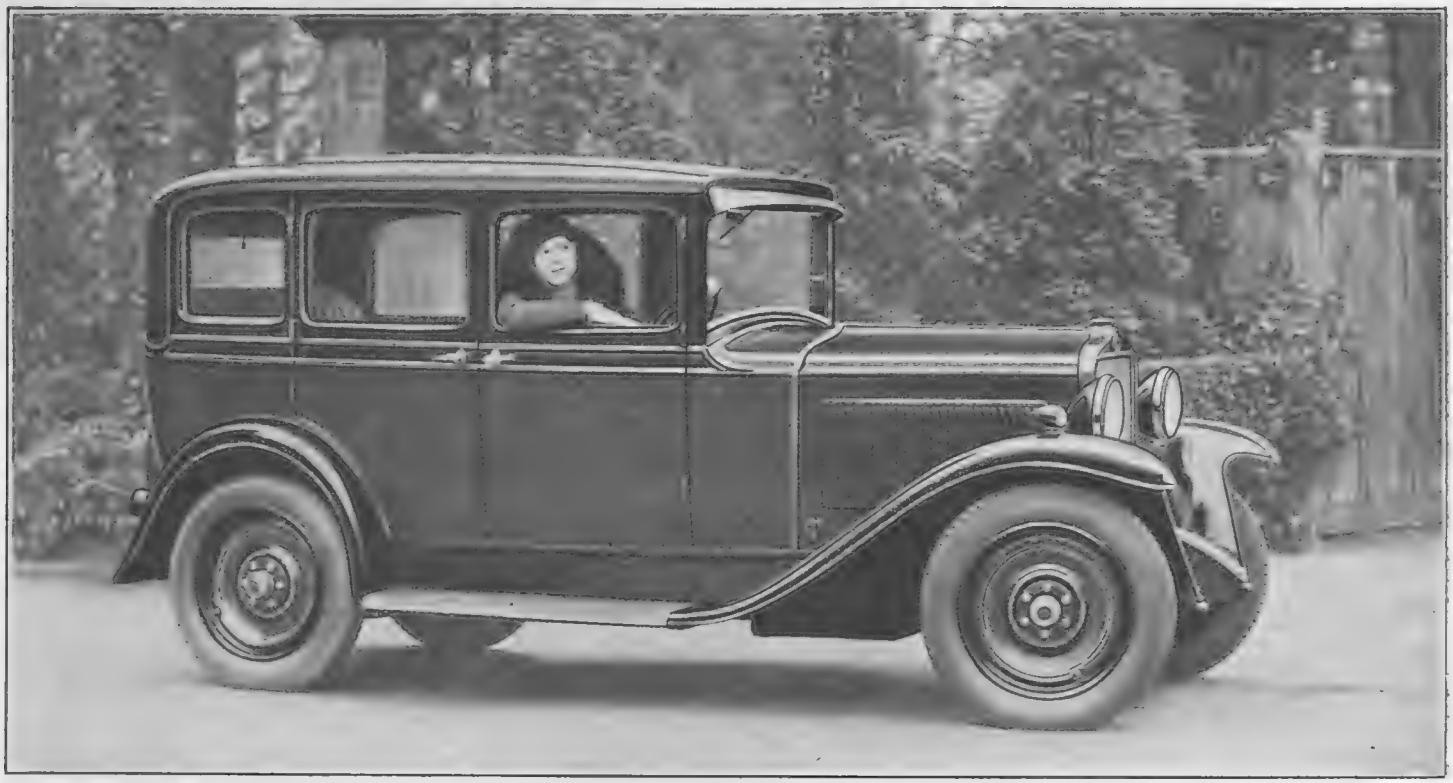
THIS book is very well done. Every member of the family stands out from the rest. And the chronicle is dramatic. In places it is moving. It is, one supposes, more or less what is happening to-day in thousands of immigrant families. The writing, too, is good, and the book leaves a definite impression on one's mind.

I HAVE often thought how pleasantly exciting it would be were one able to fall into a deep sleep and wake up to find oneself somebody else—the Prime Minister of England, for instance, or a multi-millionaire like Mr. Ford. Any such transformation, however, would not be without its dangers, as those who have tried the experiment for very good reasons are constantly finding out to their cost. (These extradition laws can be most inconvenient.)

YOU may read of some such experiment in George Manning-Sanders's new novel, *The Burnt Man* (Faber and Faber: 7s. 6d.). A young colourman finds himself near to ruin. His wife is a worthless butterfly. He decides to burn down his house, and with the help of some human bones manages to make the world believe that he has been burnt to death.

BUT is it easy to assume a new personality? Is it easy to escape old ties, even if you are believed to be well and truly dead? Humphrey Daine speedily finds himself in serious trouble. A lost memory is obviously the safest card to play, but even so the dangers do not diminish. And when, on the farm in the west, whither he has come, a very sick and unhappy man, two sisters both fall in love with him, his position is very difficult indeed. In the end affairs right themselves, and perhaps we need not begrudge him his happiness, for although he has been guilty of a crime, he has not entirely escaped his punishment.

(*Continued on page 680*)



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BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 678)

I CAN heartily recommend this book. It is exciting, and it is romantic. Also it is beautifully written. And you never know what is to happen next. It may be that the death of Humphrey's wife is a little too convenient, but aeroplanes do come to grief at the unlikeliest moments. In any case, this is a minor matter, for Mr. Manning-Sanders never ceases to be entertaining, and his story is singularly attractive.

I CAN also recommend Monica Ewer's *Insecurity* (Gollancz: 7s. 6d.), a first novel about newspaperdom. Now I must have read a dozen or more books about Fleet Street, and they have all seemed to be much the same story. *Insecurity* is not perhaps strikingly different from a number of its predecessors, but it is fresh and amusing and vivid, and it has for its chief figure a young woman reporter.

FELICITY DARK'S adventures in search of copy are varied enough. Interviews with actresses, millionaires, murderer's relatives and magnates of the films—these are everyday occurrences, but Felicity is not the perfect journalist like Stephen Grainger. Fleet Street is not really for her; and when a novel is taken, and a play of hers proves a success, she becomes one of those luckier ones who, besides being writers, are written about. And, even more important to Felicity, at the moment when she says good-bye to newspaperdom, the one man who matters insists on accompanying her into the world outside. A delightfully adventurous story.

AND talking about adventures brings me to a thriller which out-Wallaces Edgar Wallace himself. To be quite candid, I do not believe one word of Mr. Harry Stephen Keeler's *Thieves' Nights* (Ward, Lock: 7s. 6d.). It is a tissue of improbabilities and astounding coincidences. And yet it is enthrallingly exciting. Moreover, it contains not one, but a dozen stories, all curiously connected with one another—rather like that old toy where one box is enclosed in another, and so on.

IT would be useless even to try to outline the plot, but there is a superthief, and three people who are apparently the same man, and surprises in almost every chapter. The book comes from America, but is written in a language that we can understand. It is not, of course, life, even as it is in the underworld, but it is extremely good entertainment. R. S.

BOOKS RECEIVED

NOVELS

CALL HER FANNIE. By May Edgington. (Collins: 7s. 6d.)

THREE DAUGHTERS. By Jane Dashwood. (Murrays: 7s. 6d.)

HOSTILITIES ONLY. By Henry Vincent. (Jarrolds: 7s. 6d.)

THE MILL. By Norman Walker. (Longmans: 7s. 6d.)

THE SEVENTH GATE. By Muriel Harris. (Cape: 7s. 6d.)

THE ANCIENT WHEEL. By Barbara Goolden. (Chapman and Hall: 7s. 6d.)

PAINTED VEILS. By James Huneker. (Laurie: 7s. 6d.)

HE WHO CAME. By Constance Holme. (Chapman and Hall: 6s.)

THE SECRET YEAR. By Pauline Warwick. (Mills and Boon: 7s. 6d.)

THE CURATE'S EGG. By Baroness von Hutton. (Mills and Boon: 7s. 6d.)

How to Make MONEY at BRIDGE

XV—Contract Conventions: (F)—

SHOWING ACES (B)

By "ACES EASY"

THERE is a grave danger in playing conventions with people who only think they know them. And it is essential to realise that you cannot show aces unless the trump suit is "set, between you and your partner. The best method of "setting" a suit is unquestionably for both partners to bid it. Otherwise, beware! The most outrageous things can happen.

THE other night South called a Vanderbilt Club on S—A, J, 9; H—A, J, 10, 8; D—K, Q, J, x; C—Q, x. North bid three Clubs; South, three No Trumps; North, four Spades! What should South do? The answer is unquestionably — say "No bid." South, a good player who trusted his partner, dutifully passed, reading North for A, K to five or six Clubs, and probably five Spades, to queen, ten, or king. It was probable that a Heart and a Diamond would go wrong, so the small slam was not attempted.

NORTH nearly fainted at his partner's no bid, for he held H—K, x, x; D—A, x, x, x; C—A, K, x, x, x, x, and never a Spade at all. He was exposing a chicane under the belief (and, on one system, the justified belief) that he had "set" his suit Club—by pre-empting.

EAST and West carefully forbore to double, or a small slam at Diamonds or No Trumps could hardly be lost, even though the Clubs were unevenly divided. North played the hand with brilliance—but was four tricks down. A tragedy on such cards! He should, incidentally, have shown the Diamond ace before the Spade chicane, as outside certainties are shown from the bottom up.

THE lesson is clear: only show aces and chicanes when both you and your partner have bid the suit in which you are determined to play the hand. No pre-emptive bid short of four (at a love score) should "set" a suit for the purpose of slam bidding.

The Directors' Smoking Room in the Adam houses at 25, 26, and 27, Berners Street, W., which are used by Messrs. Howard and Sons, Ltd., as showrooms for the furniture made at their works in Cleveland Street, W.1 The easy chairs and sofas are of this firm's "Duvet" upholstery and are covered in brown morocco

Fashions Fancies

Exclusive BYSTANDER *Photograph* *By Underwood*

A DISTINCTIVE SUIT IN THE NEW SLUB TWEED

Featherweight tweed frocks, with threequarter length coats in a heavier weave, will enjoy a great vogue this Spring. Depicted above is a Countyx Country Suit, which is smart enough to be equally suitable for morning wear in Town. The dress is made in a brown, beige, and yellow slub tweed, piped with beige crêpe de Chine, a polished oak buckle ornamenting the belt. The pleats of the skirt are stitched to just below the knee, and the stand-up collar of the unlined coat is shaped to a point at the back

Beautifully modelled crystal menu-holders and ash-trays from the Maison Georges, as well as an ornamental group of elephants and a camel

SHORT WRAPS for EVENING WEAR

By Olive Caley Smith

Loose Draperies and Short Sleeves

SINCE long evening dresses have entrenched themselves for the summer it goes without saying that short evening wraps also remain. The interesting thing about them is the diversity of treatment they have received. Very youthful and becoming are collarless coatees of ermine, reaching only an inch or so below the natural waist, and cut with very narrow fronts. This is a line which perfectly balances the fullness of low-set skirts springing from sheath-like tunics. Another amusing idea is to fit a closely gathered piece of material into a shaped shoulder yoke and hip band, the latter having two pieces of elastic on the inside through which the fingers are slipped, the arms resting in the pouch when the hands are crossed. A very dignified hip-length coat in honey-coloured velvet had a skilfully arranged drapery hanging from the shoulders in the form of a cape, the outer edges stitched along the seams of the sleeves, falling therefrom in mediæval folds. While proof that short sleeves can be attractive was afforded by a deep cream wrap with a luxurious collar of brown fur, the narrow sleeves stopping short just above the elbow, long suède gloves in exactly the same colour as the fur being carried up to meet them.

An Easter Gift

WITH Easter not so very far ahead one's thoughts inevitably turn to holidays, and light-hued clothes, and Easter eggs. For old customs have an enduring charm. It would be difficult to imagine any more delightful present than a collection of the beautifully modelled crystal trifles which have just arrived at the Maison Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, where every aspect of the art of the coiffure is practised by experts, and where the newest hair-dressing styles may always be studied. The quaint-looking fish, which is made in white or coloured glass, is destined to be used as a menu-holder, the price being only 1*s.* 6*d.* each. Or should one's taste run to elephants or fairy-like ships, these are available instead. Then there is a novel frog ashtray, which costs 4*s.* 6*d.*, and really lovely palm tree ones, with a clouded white base and green leaves for 7*s.* 6*d.* The elephants all in a row may be obtained in crystal or various colours on a clouded or mirror base, while there are also some which look like ivory or ebony.

The "Langham," which is admirably tailored by Studd and Millington in a mole-coloured Saxony suiting with a faint coral check. The double-breasted coat is slightly curved at the waist
Sketches by Margot

Where Englishwomen Lead

IN one thing the Englishwoman sets a standard to the whole world, and that is in the way she wears tailored suits, designed for her by her countrymen, cut on severely simple lines, and finished perfectly down to the minutest detail. Nothing is more becoming to her, and nothing surpasses them in usefulness, for they have a knack of looking correct on practically all occasions. Sketched in the centre of this page is the "Langham," which is made in Saxony suiting by Studd and Millington, of 51, Conduit Street. Mole-coloured, with a very faint coral check, it has a double-breasted coat slightly curved to the waist, and a skirt with a deep inverted pleat at each side. The great point about these is that they are placed so that they go with the stride, and therefore cannot get out of shape. An ideal wrap for the first bright days of early spring would be one of their real camel-hair models, which are very light and warm, and are made in natural or dyed colours, and also in check designs.

A Welcome Innovation

NOTHING is worse than finding, just when a foundation garment has reached the stage of comfortably smooth control, devoid of any new stiffness, that the elastic panels have begun to stretch to such an extent that a few days more will end their period of usefulness. The rest of the garment still continues to be absolutely all right, but as a means of support it has ceased to be efficient, and the only course has been to cast it aside and buy a new one. Now the J. B. "Masterside" corset provides a solution of this problem, for it is made with replaceable elastic sections which can be inserted in a few moments, thus considerably lengthening its life. Obtainable practically everywhere, their newest models are specially designed in accordance with the prevailing silhouette.

PLAYER'S
BACHELOR
CORK TIPPED
Cigarettes

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D.A.7.

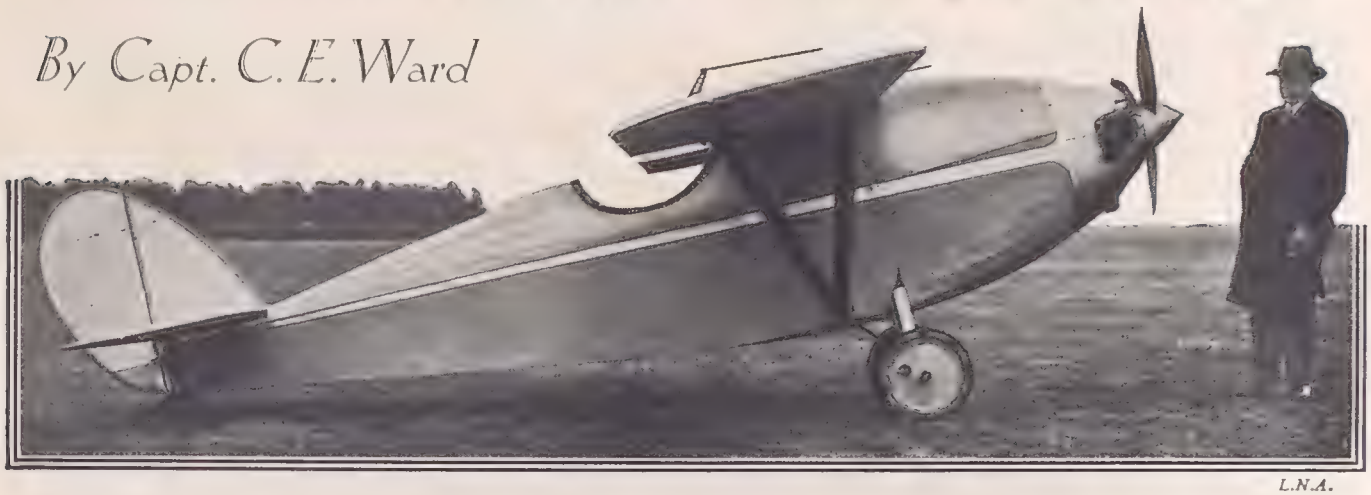
BY HUTTON

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER

FLYING NOTES

A DAY WITH THE "BALLOONATICS"

By Capt. C. E. Ward



L.N.A.

The new aerial runabout, the Comber Swift, which costs only £400. It is fitted with a 40 h.p. A.B.C. Scorpion engine and is capable of a speed of 105 m.p.h. It can land at a speed of 35 m.p.h. and will fly 40 miles to the gallon

"WEIGHING the balloon" is the aerial equivalent of "pushing the boat out"—an excuse for revelry and loud cheers. Balloon hunting as a sport, having been unfashionable for some years, was revived last week at Oxford by the newly formed University Balloon Club. The inaugural meet at the Oxford Gas Works was attended by thousands of people, including Sir Nigel and Lady Playfair and Miss Tallulah Bankhead, the latter performing the necessary ceremony by kissing the pioneers. Mr. Hugh Speaight and Mr. Giles Playfair are joint-founders of the new club. The former created a sensation by wearing a shaggy fur coat and deerstalker's hat with peak fore and aft, which is being standardised as correct wear for such occasions. After much hilarity, accompanied by the disappointment of a Mr. D. Bachelor, who had to be dropped complete with fur coat so that the balloon might lift, the pilot, Mr. Spencer, took off with Mr. Speaight as sole passenger for a flight which lasted 55 minutes. The hunt meanwhile had dispersed in all directions, scouring the countryside by motor car in an endeavour to be in at the kill, which occurred near Princes Risborough because the anchor fouled some telegraph wires. As a sport, I should say that ballooning is a poor substitute for normal flying, partly owing to the difficulty of arriving anywhere at the right time, but it has an advantage over other forms of aerial locomotion, in that a pilot can take off from his back garden provided that he knows the ropes.

Clockwork Parachutes

I FORGOT to mention, in the previous paragraph, another advantage of ballooning which is rather important — one can usually make a good landing except in a high wind. On the rare occasions when something goes seriously wrong with the works of an aeroplane, however, a three-point landing may be difficult to achieve. Parachutes have been designed and perfected as aerial "life-belts," and are now more certain in their action than the cork waistcoats served out at sea. Both are intended to be used in an emergency only, but whereas the majority of people would consign themselves to the Atlantic in a lifebelt with whatever cheerfulness such an occasion permits, scarcely any would jump from an aeroplane by parachute. There is, of course, no true comparison between the two—a parachute is almost invariably a life-saver, but hitherto it has been necessary to pull a plug in order to make it work. Forgetful people have been known to fall quite a long way before making the necessary movement, but this state of affairs is being remedied by fitting a clockwork device so that the 'chute will open automatically. A well-known firm of parachute manufacturers points out that the use of its product, when necessary, will enable you to meet your friends and not your ancestors. Incidentally, the Caterpillar Club has now more than 250 members.

Photopress

Sir Alan Cobham and Miss Helen Glover, aged 80, who flew round Cape Town together when the former was staying there some months ago. The well-known pilot helped to swell the funds of the Cape Town Flying Club by taking passengers for flights at a guinea per head

Gliding Along

ALTHOUGH the glider will not take the most skilful pilot in the direction he may want to proceed, it can be controlled within limits, and therefore practice in gliding is definitely of value in developing an air sense. Gliding in this country has received a new lease of life, enthusiasm being limited only by the difficulty of finding suitable sites. Anyone having a few miles of undulating and unwooded land about the place could perform a much appreciated service by lending it for gliding practice. Nottingham is the latest town to form a club; those interested locally should get in touch with Mr. M. A. Loglain, of 18, Mansfield Road, Nottingham.

"Future Events"

AMONGST future events, the Household Brigade will hold its competition for the "Guyan Maddocks" Cup at Heston on June 21, when all private owners are invited to attend. The race for the King's Cup takes place on July 5, the course being reduced to 750 miles with a start and finish at a London aerodrome. National Flying Services has a big programme of coming events, which will be published in full on April 16 in THE BYSTANDER'S Aviation Number. There are two shows which may precede that date, one on April 5 at Reading and the other at Hull on April 12.

SHOOTING NOTES

BELATED WOOD-CUTTING & EARLY RABBITS

By "Clodhopper"

THE majority of country folk, including foxhunters, have had good cause to bless the past mild and open winter, which, according to the calendar, made way for Spring on March 21. On the other hand, the soggy conditions that have prevailed in the woodlands ever since December, and the deep-going in the rides and clearings, though not unfavourable for replanting, perhaps, have rendered the task of the woodcutter difficult and vastly unpleasant. Hard, frosty weather is ideal for "felling and thinning." Axe and billhook seem passing keen when the frost has bitten into the trees and underwood, and the carting away of trunks and faggots over hard, frozen ground is mere child's play in comparison with the strain and labour of hauling timber over a surface rough as heavy ploughed land, while the waterlogged rides intersecting the coverts cut up well-nigh to the hubs of the wagons. But only those who have felled rain-sodden timber in greasy, churned-up mud will understand the strenuousness of such work or realise how greatly the labour is decreased when the ground is frost-bound. A covert in which felling has taken place after a wet winter is invariably left in a woeful state, and to restore it to anything like decent order means eating into the profits which may accrue from the sale of the timber. Apart from all such drawbacks, a wet winter means slow felling, clearing, and timber sales, much to the discomfort of the gamekeeper, who is naturally anxious to get the coverts under his care cleared up and quiet as expeditiously as possible, that he may proceed with the preparations for the rearing season.

I.B.

Mr. C. H. Turley, of Edgbaston, removing a ferret from his Retriever, Sweep. The dog has made friends with the ferret and after the latter has worked a burrow, Sweep goes back after retrieving the rabbits to retrieve his friend, whom he handles very gently

IT behoves those readers who have not already reduced their rabbit stock to do so without loss of time. Owing to the unusually long spell of mild weather which has obtained of late, the rabbits have already entered into their marital and domestic obligations. Three weeks ago, while thinning out the superfluous population of an extensive warren, we came across several "stops" of newly born rabbits, and, therefore, ordered the keepers to take up the ferrets. It is now altogether too late in the season to bolt rabbits by means of ferrets, although no doubt some warreners will continue to do with muzzled or caped ferrets while there is a demand for rabbits and rabbit skins. Nevertheless, it is, in my opinion, most unsportsmanlike to ferret any banks or hedgerows inhabited by "cotton tails" in the knowledge that the underground workings afford sanctuary to suckler-does and their helpless litters. But when serious rabbit damage has to be dealt with, or where the destructive rodents are too thick on the ground, effective measures of some kind must be taken to keep their numbers within at least reasonable bounds.

NOR need the owner or tenant of a shoot be afraid to reduce his breeding stock of rabbits almost to an extreme limit. In common with such as rats and mice, the humble coney is gifted by Dame Nature with the faculty to increase and multiply exceedingly. In dry weather, such as obtained before the recent heavy fall of snow, rabbits prefer lying above ground at night, and may then be turned out of the burrows and shot. Where there is a big overplus to be disposed of, however, the old and effective poacher's method of long-netting under cover of darkness may legitimately be brought into use. The net, which should be between 100 yards and 130 yards in length, 4ft. high, and very light and strong (the more affluent and up-to-date members of the game-lifting brotherhood often use long-nets of silk), is set up by means of sticks or pegs in front of a well-stocked warren, bank, or covert in such manner as to intercept the rabbits as they run towards home from their feeding-ground.

THE darker, drier, and more windy the night the better for long-netting. Under such conditions the rabbits can neither see nor hear the movements of the netters. The pegs must be driven into the ground very silently, otherwise a general stampede of bunnies will occur before the net is set, and not even a single rabbit will be taken. A pair of experienced long-netters will have everything fixed and ready for action within a very few minutes, and while one or two men remain by the net to secure the rabbits as they become meshed, another, usually accompanied by a close-working dog, goes round to drive the "game" into the net.

BY this method large numbers of rabbits are frequently taken on the outskirts of a covert or warren in a night. In fact, a couple of keepers, with a little assistance from the owner of the shooting mentioned elsewhere and myself, took upwards of 450 rabbits in three nights' long-netting during February last. However, I remember some years ago taking an active part in the capture of a gang of Derbyshire collier-poachers, who, as the result of one night's long-netting, had loaded up a tumbrel chock-a-block with rabbits. The poaching fraternity are particularly active at the present time. To prevent them exploiting your rabbit warren and banks, see that all likely places for the setting of a long-net are well bushed with thorns.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

DO A DAY'S MOLE-NESTING

THE humble mole is not a direct attacker of game, but its runs are used by weasels, which thereby gain access to fur and feather when otherwise safe in the open. Their tunnelling of hedgerows interferes with nesting partridges, whose eggs are liable to be engulfed into a cavern below. At this time of year the mess they make is a blemish on nicely cultivated fields and smooth pastures. Soon many little moles will be brought into the world. Study their workings and endeavour to find a conspicuously large mound entirely different from the ordinary hills—more like uplifted turf than a heap of freshly mined earth. This is the nest. In the centre, and fairly near the top, is a bundle of dried grass with snug quarters within. Let two persons creep quietly to the spot armed with deep-bladed spades, gently planting them on opposite sides. At the word of command these are thrust into the mound and its centre bodily lifted out, nest and all. The young can be quickly dispatched, sometimes an old one as well. Whether a charge of shot fired into the mound would have still better effect I could not say, as I have not tried, but the course recommended is equivalent to much successful trapping, with prevention of the damage caused in the interim.

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Soft to the Lips

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PLUGS THAT BEAT
the 'BLUE TRAIN'

HENLYS (1928) LTD
GLASGOW TERRACE
GROSVENOR ROAD
LONDON S.W.1

E.J.T./E3.

26th February, 1930.

E. S. M. Errand, Esqre.
Messrs. K. L. G. Plugs Ltd.
16.

Dear Mr. Errand,

I should like to put on record my appreciation of the way in which K. L. G. Plugs stood up to the extraordinarily gruelling treatment which we gave them in the Alvis which we were fortunate in having at the disposal of Henlys for the recent successful Blue Train attempt. Actually, these plugs were in the car on the way down to Nice, for miles of France, when at times we were driving all out at full throttle. We drove on and on for hours and hours, yesterday, again and again, without a stop, and when the time came to change them, God was there.

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Yours sincerely,
For Henlys (1928) Ltd.,
E. J. T. Burse,
Process Manager.

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YOU GET STRENGTH, DURABILITY, ECONOMY

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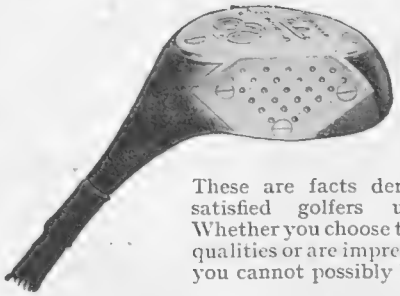

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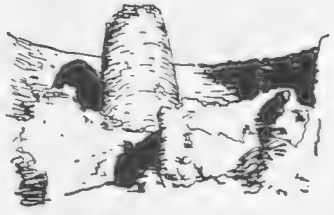

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SEE THE VICTORIA FALLS!

SR 10

MOTOR NOTES

THIS ACCESS TO MOUNTAINS

By E. M. Wright

STILL another "Access to Mountains Bill" has come before Parliament. Once again we are invited to pity the unhappy proletariat deprived of healthy recreation on grouse moors and mountain tops. But once again motorists will smile at those earnest fanatics who are for ever tilting at landlords, for they know from long experience how easy it is to obtain such access without Parliamentary "whereases" and "be it enacteds." The picture painted by the promoters of the Bill is indeed a tragic one. Rolling away into the distance as far as the eye can see are open wind-swept "playgrounds for the people," while here in the foreground is a pathetic group of city toilers standing before a high fence, on the other side of which is a ferocious keeper armed to the teeth and ready to fall on anyone who dares to scale this hated emblem of private ownership. Such is the picture they show us; but unfortunately it is as untrue to life as the average cinema "weepie."

Sport and General

Miss Moya Nugent, who is playing a leading part in "The Three Musketeers," the musical play which will open at Drury Lane on March 28. She is seen beside the pretty Light Six Rover, which is the first prize in "The Bystander's" new "Disguised Celebrities" Competition

THE Bill, I suspect, is aimed chiefly at the Scottish landlord—not because of any tenderness towards the English landlord, but merely because Scotland possesses so large a proportion of all the moorland in the country and has created rather a "corner" in mountain tops. Now, if there is one part of the world which I can claim to know intimately, it is the Scottish Highlands, and never have I experienced the slightest difficulty in obtaining access to these privately owned mountain tops which are said to be the close preserve of a small coterie of the "idle rich." While shooting is actually in progress the visitor will be warned off; but no one who values a whole skin would wish to stay. Such restrictions as there are are mostly limited to certain seasons of the year, and in general are only imposed to protect the game from undue disturbance, injury or deliberate poaching. As the livelihood of the countryside depends upon the proper preservation of the game, these restrictions are hardly to be wondered at.

THE ordinary motorist who leaves the road only for a picnic or to take photographs may travel the length and breadth of the country year after year without question, much less rebuke. Should he wish to go farther afield, he has but to ask permission, and rarely indeed will it be refused. All that is asked of him in return is that he shall respect the rights of other people, that he shall not, for instance, light fires, or create havoc among the game, and, above all, that he shall not desecrate the countryside with banana skins, paper bags and other litter.

IN short, the landowner's "brutal selfishness" is reduced to a very tolerant exercise of his rights as the owner of the property. And in attacking private ownership of land, why single out one class? Why limit the scope of the Bill to mountain tops? It would be more logical to enact that all and sundry shall be permitted anywhere—even our own back gardens, for there is absolutely no difference in principle. The one is as much private property as the other. Why not permit holiday makers to spread themselves over a man's farm? For what is the difference between trampling down a field of corn and interfering with game? The game preserve is as much a source of livelihood as a farm. Perhaps in the future when every acre of ground, save the barren moor and the rugged mountain-side, has been covered with bricks and mortar, an Access to Mountains Bill may have some justification. Imitating the Americans, we may convert these wastes into national parks, and herd the erstwhile keepers, like Red Indians, into reservations. But sufficient unto the day. . . .

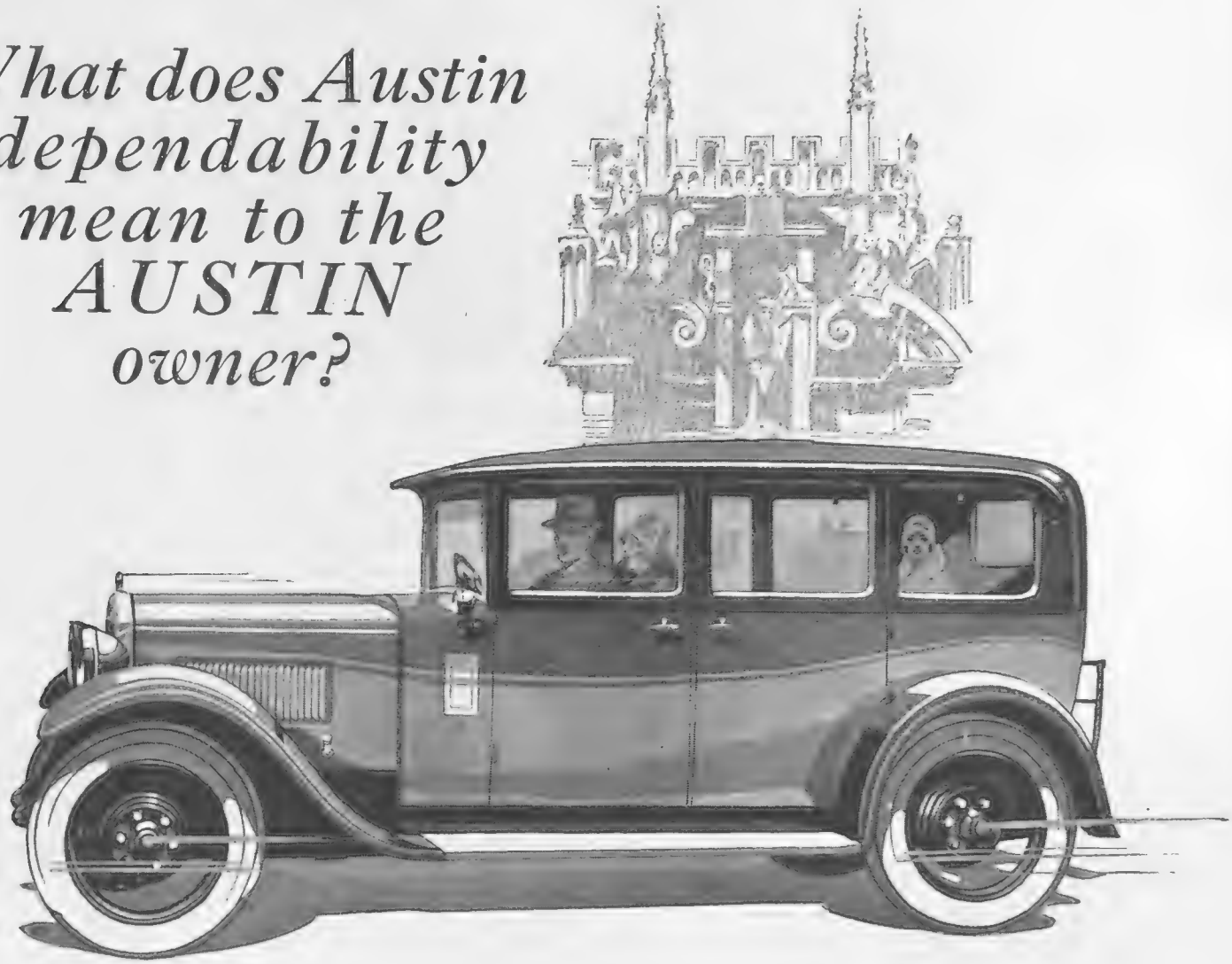
MEANWHILE, let these Utopian legislators turn their attention to a pressing need. While they are waxing hot over a hardship which does not exist, they are voting into existence one which will affect every motorist in the land.

(Continued on page vi.)

The heralds of King Carnival riding through the streets of Nice. The mediæval horseman on the left is displaying a very modern interest in one of the Morris-Oxford Six Saloons

"AS DEPENDABLE AS AN AUSTIN"

What does Austin dependability mean to the AUSTIN owner?



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It means, since this dependability is so recognised, that even after years of service, the car will always command a higher resale figure than less dependable cars.

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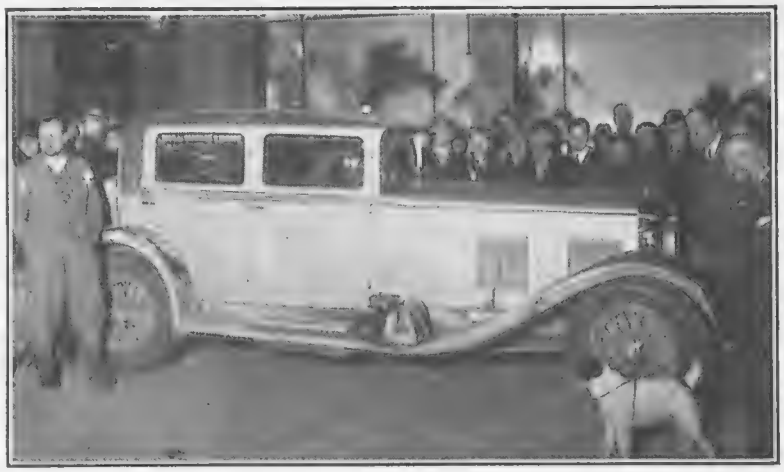
READ THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE: 4d. EVERY MONTH

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page iv)

For is there not a clause in the Road Traffic Bill forbidding a motorist from taking his car even a few feet off the road? How can the promoters of the Access to Mountains Bill reconcile such exclusion with their lofty ideal of "land for the people"? It is high time that the earnest dreamers who sit on the benches at Westminster stopped tilting at windmills and sought an enemy worthy of their lances.



A remarkable long-distance record was created by Mr. Robert Senechal, who drove 4,300 miles in a week in his Straight Eight Delage Saloon. He passed through ten countries, and at times found himself on passes usually considered utterly impenetrable. He is seen, on the left in the foreground, after his arrival

Hint to Theatres

WHEN sending out its invitations for the first night of a new show a London theatre not only provided critics and other guests with a map of the approaches to the theatre, but also included particulars of the regulations governing "setting down and taking up"—a thoughtful act which should have put the critics in a kindly mood. Very few theatre advertisements give more information about how to get there than "Shaftesbury Avenue," or whatever the street happens to be. A map such as I have described would certainly be of very real service to those who think of going to the theatre in their own cars. The theatres might go even farther and include information about nearby garages, for there must be many thousands, especially in outer London, who would be much more ready to patronise a show if they could travel in their own cars—which presupposes a knowledge of where they can dispose of them. I myself on one occasion contemplated a visit to one of the outer ring theatres, but before booking seats I satisfied myself that there was a garage handy. Touching on this question of disposing of the car, I see that a new edition has just been published of that very useful little booklet, "Where to Park Your Car" (Roadway Time Tables, Bookings and Publications, Ltd.: 1s.), giving details of parking arrangements in every large town throughout Great Britain and Ireland.

Where the Tram Leads

WE are so apt to look upon the motor car as the last word in modernity that it comes as something of a shock that that relic of Victorian days, the humble tram, can sometimes go one better. Motor maker after maker has installed some form of central chassis lubrication in his 1930 models until to-day it has ceased to be a feature and has become an accepted commonplace. But, except for a few American cars, the system is not automatic. The owner-driver must still remember to work the pump occasionally, just as he had to remember to go round with a grease gun. And, as we very well know, the owner-driver is not good at remembering such details, though, of course, he has now no excuse for neglecting his duty.

Behind the Times

CERTAIN types of trams, however, have a completely automatic system of chassis lubrication and—what is more galling—have had it for years! So hurry up, Mr. Manufacturer, and give us a foolproof system of automatic chassis lubrication, because, however clever we may be in other things, we are—well, not very clever—when it comes to looking after the innards of a car. E. M. W.

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Fit "TripleX Regd. -and be safe!

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The boys are housed in a modern Mansion of more than 100 rooms, 400 feet above sea-level, in its park of 300 acres overlooking the sea, the Welsh mountains, and the lovely Clwyd Valley. Bracing climate. *Every modern convenience has been installed,* including hot and cold shower baths; all Cooking and Lighting by Electricity.
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Vacancies are available for Summer and succeeding terms.
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The beauty of friendship as compared with relationship lies in the fact that whereas your relations are made for you, you can choose your own friends. That is one reason why you should choose a "Standard" as your next car —you'll never make a better friend.

The "Standard Nine" Teignmouth Saloon, £215.
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ENJOY EASTER *at less expense*

GLORIOUS mid-April will soon be calling you to the open country. Why not save the expense of a hotel by taking your own with you? An Eccles Caravan not only gives perfect sleeping and living comfort, but cuts down expenses by *sixty per cent.* Call and inspect the wide range of Eccles models at the new Showrooms of The London Caravan Co. (the largest Caravan Showrooms in Europe) at the address below. You may purchase or hire, as you please.

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Write for Illustrated Lists.
THE LONDON CARAVAN CO
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WALKING SHOE
GIVES PERFECT COMFORT
HANDSEWN WELTS
READY TO WEAR IN BLACK AND BROWN
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MADE TO MEASURE HANDSEWN from £3-5-0
For Golf—The Hammond Brogue.

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HANDSEWN BOOTMAKER,
6, NORRIS STREET, HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1.
TELEPHONE: REGENT 3433.

DOGS

NORTH, SOUTH and MIDLANDS By "The Kennelman"

TO-DAY and to-morrow (26th and 27th) will bring a great doggy concentration upon Manchester, for the Championship Show at the Belle Vue Gardens. North-country folk are justified in the pride they take in this notable exhibition, and, so far as competition goes, the Southern fanciers may be trusted to give a good account of themselves.

SPORTING folk generally should note as an engagement for the 22nd of next month a fixture now being organised by the Sporting Dog Society of Leicester: an open Show (with well-known specialist judges) to be benched and fed by Spillers, an excellent opportunity for study of the finest Hounds and Gun-Dogs in the world.

THE annual Show of the Ladies' Kennel Association has now reached the stage of ranking among the three or four biggest doggy events of the year. It is due at Olympia on May 14 and 15, and the list of judges is already complete—twenty-six of them men and twenty-three ladies. At all the big Shows the proportion of women judges is rising year by year: a perfectly logical development, having regard to the success of women fanciers in training and breeding, no less than in exhibiting.

Topical Press

Mrs. Whitehead with three admirable specimens from her Pekingese kennels, adjoining Sir John Drughorn's seat at Ifield Hall, Sussex. Many famous winners have been bred at these kennels, which are conducted under ideal conditions in the heart of the country

ONE who is at present a novice writes in some perturbation regarding a first litter she is expecting from her Irish Red Setter about the end of this month. It seems this correspondent has been reading the obiter dicta of an authority who is all for Spring matings and puppies born between May and September. This reader should take heart of grace. Many of the finest pups ever reared were whelped even earlier in the year than this. After all, the first month is spent almost entirely in the nest—under cover, anyhow. Pups born at the end of March should not be due for weaning till June, and when they are beginning to get about a bit, in early May, will score greatly in having the entire summer before them. January-February mating and March-April whelping are none too early.

CRITICS who fancy that English fanciers and breeders are falling behind some foreign competitors in the application of large-scale modern methods in Dog-housing, etc., should look up in that excellent journal *The Dog World* an article by Mr. James Saunders (February 28) describing "A Kennel like a Model Village, with Bake-house, Kitchen and Hospital." This deals with Mr. Gordon Stewart's Great Dane Kennel at Send, near Woking, and will be a revelation to doggy folk who have not followed the developments of Dog-fancying.

FOR GOLF WEAR

INSIST ON

"EVEREST" CLOTH

Every Golfer, whether man or woman, will appreciate the advantages of Everest Cloth for wear on the links. It is impervious to weather changes, and its invaluable qualities assist players under all conditions.

EVEREST defies the elements — being
WINDPROOF — RAINPROOF
ALMOST UNTEARABLE yet POROUS!

"It is better than leather for wear and bad weather"

Sole Distributors:
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See PATTERNS at your Tailor's to-day. There is an admirable range of plain shades and Glenurquhart and Gunclub and other checks.

"EVEREST" (REGD).
The World's Weatherproof Cloth
Climbing-Ski-ing-Riding-Golfing-all Wool

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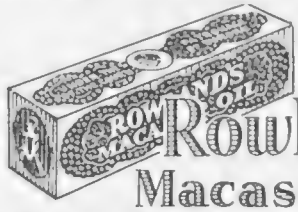
It is mostly due to an insufficiency of the natural oil which comes from the roots. A little Rowland's Macassar Oil rubbed well into the scalp daily will soon restore lustre and vigour to the hair and prevent the dryness leading, as it often does, to greyness and eventually baldness.

Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers — 3/6, 7/- and 10/6. Red for dark hair, golden for fair or grey hair.



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JH&Co. RM2

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TO HIS LATE MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII

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"King George IV"
OLD SCOTCH
WHISKY

THE GOURMET — Conducted by EMILIA

Luncheon

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

SMOKED SALMON À LA CARDINAL
ANCHOVY SALAD.

HOMARD EN CIEL.

BEIGNETS À LA CRÈME.

CAFÉ.

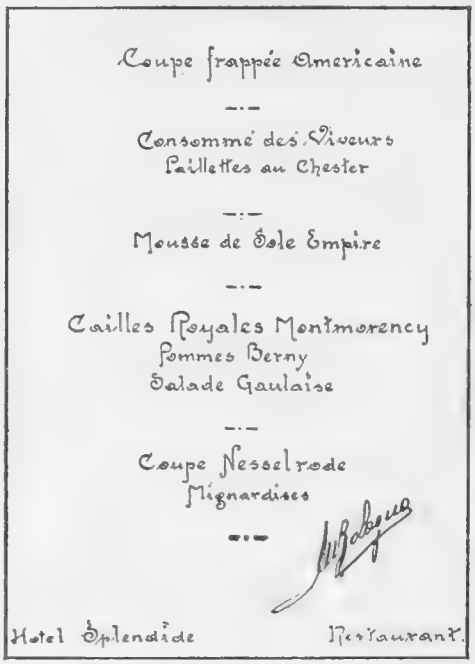
Hors d'Œuvres

Smoked Salmon à la Cardinal.—Cut some smoked salmon in wafer-like pieces, and lay them on slices of tomatoes over slices of cucumber, garnish with strips of hard-boiled white of egg and chopped capers.

Anchovy Salad.—Prepare some fillets of anchovy, cut one hard-boiled egg into quarters, and chop up two others coarsely, keeping the yolks and whites separate; arrange on a glass dish, season with red pepper, chopped tarragon and chervil, and sprinkle with oil and vinegar. Arrange the strips of fillets of anchovies in a lattice-work over the top, and garnish with the quarters of hard-boiled eggs.

Homard en Ciel

POUND the flesh of one lobster with one gill of milk; rub it through a sieve, add one teaspoonful of anchovy essence, a pinch of cayenne pepper, and a squeeze of lemon-juice. Beat all well together, whip a half-teacupful of cream, and add half of this to the mixture, whipping all the time you are adding it. Fill some small china cases with the mixture, and pile the rest of the cream on top. Pound the coral of a lobster and rub it through a sieve, sprinkling the top of each case as you pass it through. Stand on ice, and serve cold with brown bread and butter.



The menu of an appetising supper served at the Hotel Splendide in Piccadilly. The charge for the supper is 12/6, which includes an excellent cabaret show. The above menu is signed by M. Bologna, the maître d'hôtel

Beignets à la Crème

RUB the rind of a lemon with three or four large lumps of sugar until the yellow part is all taken off, then crush the sugar to powder and mix with a pinch of powdered cinnamon, a small pinch of salt, and one ounce of dried flour. Mix to a smooth paste with some cold milk and an ounce of melted butter, then stir in gradually half a pint of thick cream and the well-beaten yolks of four and the whites of two eggs. Melt a little butter in a frying pan, fry the mixture quickly and serve very hot.

Chestnut Cream

BOIL about 1 lb. of chestnuts in a pint of milk and a gill of water. When tender, skin and pound them Whip up half a pint of cream, and after having rubbed the powdered chestnuts through a coarse wire sieve place the mixture piled in a glass or silver dish, and the whipped cream on the top, keeping it high in the centre. Garnish with crystallised cherries or quarters of orange which have been peeled and dipped in sugar.

THE FAMOUS

MINTY CHAIR

Whenever you recline in a "Minty," your form is softly and kindly disposed to utter rest. Observe the shape, the depth of seat, the home-like cheerfulness. Serene and strong, yet always movable.

Made in five sizes to suit persons of different heights.

From £1 . 17 . 6 according to length of seat.

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CARRIAGE PAID IN ENGLAND AND WALES

Write for Catalogue of the Minty Oxford "Varsity" Chairs and patterns of coverings.

VISIT OUR STANDS No. 8 GROUND FLOOR AND No. 236 NEW HALL GALLERY

Minty LTD (Dept. 23), 44-55, HIGH ST., OXFORD.

New and Enlarged London Showrooms: 123, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1

Can't Sleep—Can't Eat —Can't Work

—Victim of Self-Poisoning

Many of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins and poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

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25 for 2/.

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

Duggie's Tote

Douglas Stuart, a very old advertiser in this paper, is offering a full Totalisator service which will no doubt have a strong appeal to all backers. Commissions can be executed at full Totalisator returns, with no limit for single events No deduction is made and bets may be made up to the last minute. (Telegrams may be handed in up to the advertised time of the race, or from race-courses up to the off.) It will at once be realised that as wired commissions are not received until after the race is over it is impossible for the money to get back to the machine and reduce the odds.

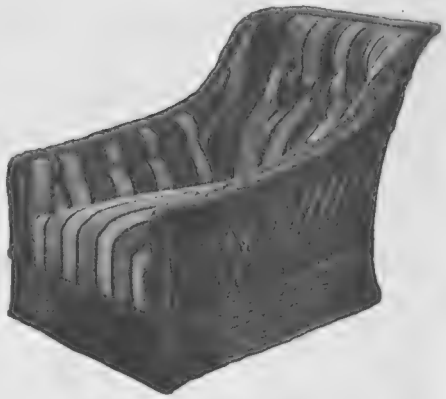
H.M.V. New Records

His Master's Voice have brought out a new and varied selection in their mid-March list, and amongst the most prominent features is the rendering of "Le Coq d'Or" by the London Symphony Orchestra (D.1745). Verdi's "It is Now" is another disc of interest (C.1822), as is also the symphonic poem "Finlandia" (C.1827). In addition, the Berlin State Opera Orchestra gives a delightful contribution in "Tales from the Vienna Woods" (C.1828), and Jack Hylton's band plays "Memories of Paris, III and IV" (B.3314). Rudy Vallee's orchestra can be heard in a rendering of "The Lonely Troubadour" (B.5781), Guido Gialdini whistles "Under the Bridges of Paris" (B.3306) in a most delightful manner, and there is also a 'cello piece played by Boris Hambourg entitled "Butterflies" (B.3302).

The first-class dining saloon on board the s.s. Isle of Jersey, one of the Southern Railway's new twin-screw oil-burning steamers for service between Southampton and the Channel Islands. These vessels are most luxuriously equipped, and afford the traveller every possible comfort

Northolt Races

The Opening Meeting at Northolt Park Race-course will take place on Saturday, May 3, and Monday, May 5. A special service of trains from Marylebone and Paddington, together with full particulars of the racing, etc., will shortly be announced through the columns of the Press, and it is hoped that a cheap inclusive rail and admission ticket will also be available for the opening fixture. This will result in Northolt Park becoming the cheapest venue for a day's racing, a fact that should go far to popularise the race-course.

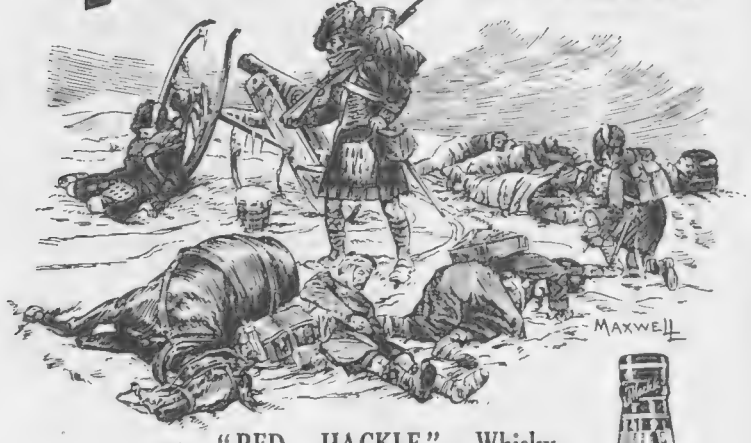


A photograph of the Minty Chair, one of the best made and most comfortable of easy chairs on the market. Visitors to the Ideal Home Exhibition will have ample opportunity of inspecting them closely, as they will be on view at Stands No. 8 on the Ground Floor and No. 236 in the New Hall Gallery

Luxury Afloat.

Of the many efforts made each year by the big liner companies to cope with the ever-increasing demand for the ocean cruising holiday nothing is likely to excel in elegance and comfort the latest product of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, the Atlantis, which made her bow to the general public when she sailed on her first cruise to the Mediterranean on March 15. She is equipped on the most up-to-date lines, and includes an open-air swimming bath, card rooms, private dining rooms for parties, spacious lounges and smoking rooms, a gymnasium, a photographic dark-room, three deck tennis courts, a cinema, and a large ballroom.

Red Hackle WHISKY



Spats were issued to the "Black Watch" to commemorate their endurance during the retreat to Corunna. Destitute of the necessaries of life and continually harassed by the enemy, the exhausted Highlanders marched 250 miles over mountainous roads. Boots wore down but shirts were torn into strips to bind their lacerated feet. So originated spats.

"RED HACKLE" Whisky worthily upholds the honour of this great spirit.

Produced to meet the demand for a whisky of pre-war quality and flavour, "RED HACKLE" has all the essentials of a perfect whisky.

Awarded First Prize in competition open to all whiskies at Brewers' Exhibition.

Try "Red Hackle" & judge for yourself

150/- per dozen, carriage paid.

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SEND for a dozen "RED HACKLE" to-day. If, on sampling, you do not feel you are drinking a better whisky, return the balance at our expense, and have your cheque refunded in full.

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Blest Isles of Rest

Enjoying a climate mild and kindly, fanned by ocean breezes, tempered by the Gulf Stream, compassed by iridescent seas and decked with flowers, were ever islands so blest as Bermuda? This, the oldest of the English colonies, retains a simple charm of its own and knows the secret of the restful life. No motor-cars, no trains, no factories mar its peace. You can enjoy to perfection almost any outdoor sport on sea or land, or you can do nothing at all with equal success and benefit. A stay in Bermuda and the double ocean trip make up the finest possible tonic for tired nerves and body. You could not think of a more complete or beneficial change.

For full particulars write The Bermuda Trade Development Board, 329, High Holborn, London, W.C.1; or The Pacific Steam Navigation Co., Goree, Water Street, Liverpool.

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Pay only for the miles you drive

G.D. it in a new car—tuned up to go—Petrol and oil supplied

You can hire a lordly Buick—a gloriously luxurious, spirited, dignified car—either open or closed—and you can drive it yourself exactly as if it were your own—paying only for the miles you drive. The car has no distinguishing marks—to all intents and purposes it is your own, save in one detail—it is actually cheaper to hire a car through G.D. than to own one.

This is a matter of statistics which you can verify for yourself. You have no extras to pay for—no petrol, no oil, no garaging, no repairs, no tax, no capital depreciation. And then the service—any hour of night or day, a ring to Mayfair 4412 brings the car to your door—a car kept always in perfect trim by an army of skilled specialists.

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Studio

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With acknowledgments to the famous "SHELL" advertisement

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BRITANNIA AND EVE

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SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS

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tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical Certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores, and Hairdressers. **2/6** or direct—

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Write for booklets, "A Rabbit's Tale" and "Talking Through Your Hat."

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Coat, ***15/11*** *Complete,* ***37/-***

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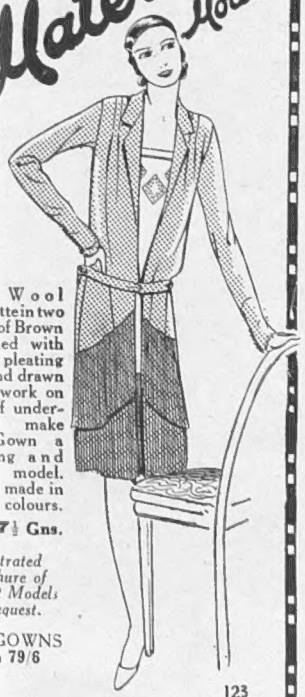

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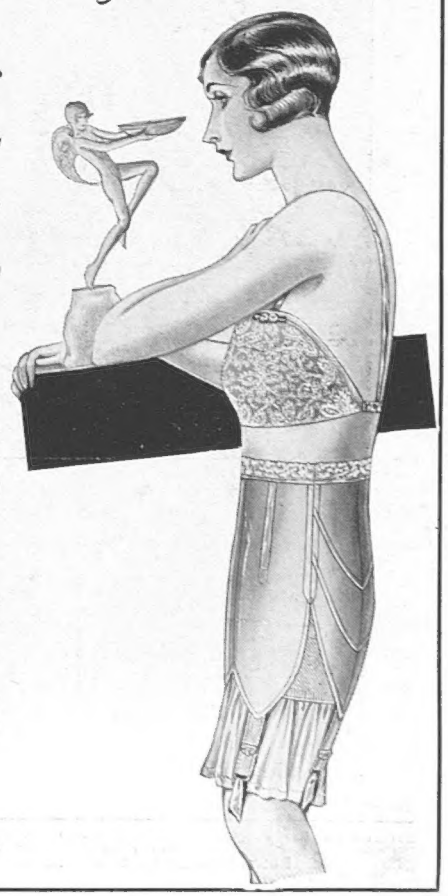

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